Breui complector Plurima Cantu.

Vt assequar.

Odes of Horace the best of lyrick poets

The fourth Edition

Selected, Translated, Reviewed, and enlarged with many more

by

Sr Thomas Hawkins.

16 58

Imprinted at London by Haui-Land for Will Lee & are to be sold at his shop in Fleet street at the signe of the Great Turks head

LYRICA POESIS

IMITATIO

C

T

Sc

Prin

ODES
OF
Horace,
THE BEST OF Lyrick Poets.

Containing much morality and ſweetneſſe.

The fourth Edition.

Selected, tranſlated, reviewed, and enlarged with many more.

By S^r. *T. H.*

LONDON,
Printed by *John Haviland* for *William Lee*, and are to bee ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Turks Head in Fleet-ſtreet. 1638.

Lh 8.665.4*

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD
CLASS OF 1915
Dec. 16, 1926

To the Reader.

Kindly, and generous Reader, I present not Horace *to thee in his native lustre, nor language. Take these rather (if so thou please) for a reflection from that brighter body of his living Odes. Behold in them Morality touched, and vertue heightned with clearenesse of Spirit, and accuratnesse of Judgement. These have I selected amongst many; not with desire to prescribe the same choyce to others, as a Rule; nor yet with any diffidence in mine owne election.* Abundat quisque suo sensu. *When in a Garden wee gather a Coronet of Flowers, wee intend not the totall beauty of that faire peece of Prospective, but particular ornament, and intermingled delight. These supply both. But many (no doubt) will say,* Horace *is by mee forsaken, his Lyrick softnesse, and Emphaticall Muse maimed; that in all there is a generall defection from his genuine Harmony. Those I must tell, I have in this Translation, rather sought his Spi-*

rit, than Numbers; yet the Musicke of verse not neglected neither, since the English Eare better heareth the Distick, and findeth that sweetnesse, which the Latine affecteth, and (questionlesse) attaineth in Saphick, or Iambick Measures. Some will urge againe, why were not these wreathes of Morall, and serious Odes for the more variety, and generall entertainment of most, mixed with his wanton, and looser straines of Poesie? These I answer, and with it conclude. The Translator of these had rather shew vertue to the modest, than discover vice to the dissolute. The streames of Helicon are cleare, and Chrystalline. Drink thou goodnesse from these purer Fountaines, whilst such take unhappy draughts, from the troubled and muddy waters of Sensuality.

To the Translater.

WHat ſhall I firſt eõmend? your happy choyce
Of this moſt uſefull Poet? Or your skill
To make the Eccho equall with the voyce,
And trace the lines drawn by the Authors quill?
The Latine Writers by unlearned hands
In forraine robes unwillingly are dreſt,
But thus invited into other Lands,
Are glad to change their tongue at ſuch requeſt,
The good, which in our minds their labours breed,
Layes open to their Fame a larger way:
Theſe ſtrangers, England with rich plenty feed,
Which with our Countreyes freedome we repay:
When ſitting in pure language, like a Throne,
They prove as great with us as with their own

Iohn Beaumont Bar.

In fideliſſimum Horatii interpretem
T. H. Equitem Auratum.

ANglia nunc Muſis dominatur; Horatius Anglus
Lætatur. Lyrico victaque Roma ſuo eſt.
Talia, linguarum dominam mirabere poſſe
Dicere; non magis eſt, hæc potuiſſe rudem?
Flaccus mutatur, remanet ſed candor in illo;
Plumeus, in doctas, concidit imber aquas.
Sic tibi gentis honos, noſtræ tibi debita linguæ
Gloria; & Angliacæ laurea vitta comæ.

F.L. Eq. Aur.

To his worthy friend, Sr. *T. H.* Knight, upon his Tranſlation.

WHil'ſt to thy Tune the Lyrick Poet ſings,
And takes new Graces from thy tuned (ſtrings;
Behold, whole Quires of Muſes ready ſtand,
To beg like favour at thy curious hand.
Who would not joyne with them, and move the ſame,
That ſees this One ſo happy in thy Name.
Wee whom the Romans held for dull, and weake,
Now teach their beſt of Poets how to ſpeake.
They need not lay to thee, the want of skill
Of Muſique, or of Muſes, hee that will
May heare them both expreſs'd by thee, in veines
Equall, if not beyond the Roman ſtraines.

G. Forteſcue.

To my Noble friend Sr. T.H. *Knight: An Ode in pure Iambick feet.*

I Knew before thy dainty touch
Upon the Lordly violl.
But of thy Lyre, who knew ſo much
Before this happy triall?
So tuned is thy ſacred Harp,
To make her Eccho ſweetly ſharp.

I wote not how to praiſe enough
Thy Muſique, and thy Muſes:
Thy Gloſſe ſo ſmooth, the Text ſo tough,
Be Judge who both peruſes.
Thy choyce of Odes is alſo chaſte,
No want it hath, it hath no waſte.

A grace it is for any Knight,
A ſtately Steed to ſtable:
But unto *Pegaſus* the light,
Is any comparable?
No Courſer of ſo comely corſe,
Was ever as the winged Horſe.

That *Aſtrophill*, of Arts the Life, Sr. *Phil. Sidney.*
A Knight was and a Poet:
So was the man who tooke to wife Sr. *Geof. Chaucer.*
The Daughter of *La-Roët.*
So thou that haſt reſerv'd a part,
To rouſe my *Iohnſon*, and his Art.

Receive the while my lowly verſe,
To wait upon thy Muſes;
Who cannot halfe thy worth rehearſe,
My braine that height refuſes.
Beneath thy meed is all my prayſe,
That, askes a Crowne of holy Bayes.

Hugh Holland.

In laudem Autoris

Oda,

In qua verſiones nonnullæ ab eodem factæ prænotantur.

Qvalis ſonoro volvitur alveo
Vernis Hydaſpes *imbribus intumens,*
Ripaque debellator undas
Per teneras rapit amnis herbas,

Horatiano talis ab æquore
Linguæ decorus flumine patriæ
Manas, & inſpiras amorem
Cordibus, imperio Camenæ.
Seu cantu avitis Regibus editum
Heroa promis: ſeu violentius
Vndas retorquentem minacis
Tybridos in dominam Orbis urbem
Cantas Etruſci littoris aggerem:
Vitæ ipſe purus, ſeu canis integrum;
Raptumque non deduci ab Orco
Quintilium lachrymis perurges.
Per te Dianam dicere virgines
Novere Divam, quæ regit Antium
Eheu! Quid urges in Britannos
Cæſareis comitem ire turmis?
Nunc quæris auro quis color abdito,
Nunc mentis ornas æquanimæ fidem.
Nunc Myſtis extinctis calores
Pieriis moderaris undis.
Tandem beato ruris in otio
Laudas agentes. His tibi ſæcula
Poſt mille duraturum, & ultra
Carminibus monumentum adornas.

Mæcenas, Atavis, &c. Jam ſatis terris. Integer vitæ, &c. Quis deſiderio, &c. Dianam teneræ, &c. O Diva gratum, &c. Nullus argento, &c. Æquâ mente, &c. Non ſemper imbres, &c. Beatus ille, &c. Exegi monumentum, &c.

G. D.

Hendecaſyllabon in laudem Authoris.

COncinne, pariles, lyræque juſtæ,
Chordis æquanimes, pareſque chordis,
Naturæ dociles ſonare lege,
Et nervo parili ſonare nervo,
Sunt Flacco ſimiles, tibique (vates)
Qui transfers, reſonas, ſonumque Flaccî
Reddis diſſimili, parique voce.

Quam

Quam primùm facilis chelys sonoræ
Percurrit digitus, feritque chordas,
Tam voces itidem pares sonanti
Refert, atque Fidi fides sonanti
Vibratum geminat, refertque vocem.
Sic Flacci resonas, referſque vocem,
Reddis diſſimilem, paremque vocem.
Quam par chorda cheli, chelyſq; chordæ,
Et quam fida Fidi fides sonoræ;
Quam ſincera fides utriuſq; nervi,
Tam nervoſa fides tuæ Camenæ,
Tam ſincera fides tuæ Camenæ,
Vates ſingula qui refers fidelis.

E. H.

V. Cl. T. H. Equiti Aurato, Suo.

ANglia Romani jam prodit Muſa leporis
Æmula, nec cœptis excidit illa ſuis.
Quam ſibi Narciſſo ſimilis Narciſſus in undis,
Tam ſimilis noſtras (Flacce) poeta tibi.
Quam ſimilis lingua redivivis vocibus Echo
Permeat æthereas, Nympha canora, plagas,
Tam ſimilis Lyricæ reſpondet noſtra Camenæ,
Romanumque melos Anglica plectra movent.
Romanas tenuit Romanus Horatius aures,
Nunc Anglas Anglus non tenet ille minus.
Nam quod dulce ſonat Romanis Appula Muſa,
Hoc reſonas Anglis Cantia Muſa tuis.

J. Chapperlinus.

READer, this * Aſteriſce will direct thee to the Odes newly inſerted in this fourth Edition.

HORATII ODÆ.

Liber primus.

ODE I.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

Alios alia delectant, Horatius verò Poëtæ nomen, præsertim Lyrici affectat.

MÆCENAS, *atavis edite regibus,*
O, & præsidium & dulce decus meum:
Sunt, quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat: metáque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmáque nobilis
Terrarum Dominos evehit ad Deos.
Hunc si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat ter-geminis tollere honoribus:
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
Quicquid de Lybicis verritur areis,
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
Agros, Attalicis conditionibus

ODES

ODES OF *Horace.*

The first Booke.

ODE I.

TO MÆCENAS.

All things please not all men. Horace *most especially affecteth the name of a Lyrick Poet.*

MÆcenas, ſprung from Grandfire-Kings deſcent,
(O, my Defence, and ſweeteſt Ornament:)
There are, who in their Chariots ſpeedy flight,
To raiſe Olympique duſt doe take delight: (clin'd
To whom, when with chaf'd wheeles the Goale's de-
For Conqueſt's meed, is ſtile of Gods aſſign'd.
This man, if wavering Citizens contend,
His worth, with three-fold honours to commend:
That other, if he in his Granier ſtores
What ever hath beene ſwept from Lybian flores,
From painfull tillage, and the Countrey's love,
The wealth of *Attalus* can never move

Nunquam

Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, otium, & oppidi
Laudat rura sui: mox reficit rates
Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.
Est, qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.
Multos castra juvant, & lituo tubæ
Permissus sonitus, bellaque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor:
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.
Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis: me gelidum nemus,
Nympharúmque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo: si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.
Quòd si me Lyricis vatibus inseris,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

Ode II.

Ad Augustum Cæsarem.

In vindictam *Julii Cæsaris* occisi multæ tempestates Po. Romano immittuntur. Unica imperii spes in *Augusti* incolumitate constituitur.

Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ
Grandinis misit Pater; & rubente

Him

Him as a Mariner fearefull of losse,
With Cyprian Barke Myrtoan Seas to crosse.
When South-west winds, Icarian billowes raise,
The Merchant Rest, and Countrey Grange doth praise:
Straight his torne vessell he repaires againe,
The force of want unable to sustaine.
Some others use, Old Massique wines to ply,
Nor from the day some part to take deny;
Now, seeking under Arbut's shade to cling,
Now, neere the soft head of some gentle spring.
In Tents and Trumpet's Eccho some delight,
Mix't with the Flute, and wars that mothers fright.
In fields the Hunter on the coldest day
Forgetfull of his tender wife doth stay:
Whither his faithfull dogs have view'd the Hinde,
Or, Marsyan Bore rush th'row the toyles untwin'de.
Me, Ivie the reward for learned Browes
A place, among supernall Gods allowes:
Light Quires of Wood-Nymphs, that with Satyres bide,
And shady groves, from vulgars me divide:
If so *Euterpe* doth my Muse inspire,
And *Polybymne* tune my Lesbian wire:
But let me stand a Lyrick' mongst the rest,
I'le strike the starry vault with raised crest.

ODE II.

To Augustus Cæsar.

Many stormes are powred upon the people of Rome, in revenge of Julius Cæsar *slaine. The onely hope of the Empire consisteth in the safety of* Augustus.

NOw, *Jove* hath charg'd the Earth below
With store of direfull haile and snow:

Dextra

Dextra ſacras jaculatus arces,
Terruit urbem:

Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret
Sæculum Pyrrhæ, nova monſtra queſtæ,
Omne quum Proteus pecus egit altos
Viſere montes:

Piſcium & ſumma genus hæſit ulmo,
Nota quæ ſedes fuerat columbis:
Et ſuperjecto pavidæ natarunt
Æquore damæ.

Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis
Littore Etruſco violenter undis,
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,
Templaque Veſtæ:

Iliæ dum ſe nimium querenti
Jactat ultorem: vagus, & ſiniſtra
Labitur ripa (Jove non probante) Uxorius amnis.

Audiet cives acuiſſe ferrum,
Quo graves Perſæ melius perirent:
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

Quem vocet divûm populus ruentis
Imperî rebus? prece qua fatigent
Virgines ſanctæ minùs audientem
Carmina Veſtam?

Cui dabit partes ſcelus expiandi
Jupiter? tandem venias, precamur,
Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo.

Who

Who ſhaking Towers with fiery hand,
Affrighted made the City ſtand.

He Nations ſcar'd, leſt *Pirrha's* raigne
New monſters ſhould produce againe;
As earſt when *Proteus* drave his flock,
To feed on Cliffe of ſteepy rock:

Then, to the Elmes top Fiſhes clave,
Which Turtles us'd for ſeat to have,
And Does by Nature fearfull, tride
To paſſe the Oceans ſtormy tide.

Our eyes have yellow Tybers flood
Beheld, by Tyrrhen ſhores withſtood,
With violence run down to beat
The tombs of Kings, and *Veſta's* ſeat.

Whilſt the uxorious River ſweares
Revenge, to moody *Ilia's* teares,
And 'gainſt *Joves* will with wandring waves,
Upon the left bank fiercely raves.

Youth, much impair'd through Parents crimes,
Shall heare, ſwords in embroyled times
Were ſharpned, which ſhould better far
Have ſlaine fierce Perſians in the war.

To what God ſhall we vowes aſſigne,
Now, that our ſtate-affaires decline?
What prayer ſhall holy Virgin-Saints
To *Veſta* yeeld, made deafe to plaints?

To whom ſhall *Iove* the power diſpence
Of expiating our offence?
(Divining *Phœbus*) come we pray:
Whoſe ſhoulders white the clouds array.

Sive

Sive tu mavis, Erycina videns,
Quam Jocus circumvolat, & Cupido,
Sive neglectum genus, & nepotes
Respicis autor.

Heu nimis longo satiate ludo:
Quem juvat clamor, galeæque leves,
Acer & Mauri peditis cruentum
Vultus in hostem.

Sive mutata juvenem figura,
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ, patiens vocari
Cæsaris ultor:

Serus in cœlum redeas, diúque
Lætus interfis populo Quirini:
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura

Tollat. Hic magnos potiùs triumphos,
Hic ames dici pater, atque princeps:
Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos
Te duce, Cæsar.

Ode III.

Navi *Virgilium* Athenas vehenti incolumitatem precatur. Deinde in hominum temeritatem audaciamque vehementer insurgit.

Sic te, diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis, præter Iapyga:
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis.

Or, if thou pleaſe (ſmooth *Venus*) hie,
'Bout whom Diſport and Pleaſures flie;
Or founder *Mars*, if ſtock, or Kin
Thou lov'ſt, which have neglected been.

O thou that cloyed art with fight,
Whom ſhouts & glitt'ring Helmes delight:
And Mauritanian's viſage bold,
When his ſterne Foe he doth behold.

Or, mayſt thou (gentle *Maia's* Son)
With winged ſpeed be hither won;
Auguſtus figure ta'ne on thee,
Ceſars revengefull friend to be.

Oh, mayſt thou (late) to Heav'n retire:
Be preſent long to Rome's deſire:
Nor may the ſpeedy blaſt of Time,
Take thee offended with our Crime.

Here Triumphs ſeeke, and laſting Fame,
Inſtil'd with Prince, and Father's name:
Nor ſuffer (*Ceſar*) Thou our Guide,
The Medians unreveng'd to ride.

Ode III.

Hee wiſheth ſafe paſſage to the ſhip, bearing Virgill *to Athens. Then, he vehemently inveigheth againſt the boldneſſe and raſhneſſe of many.*

SO, may the powerfull Cyprian Queene,
And Brother-ſtars, that bright are ſeene;
So, may the God who rules the wind,
They all but *Zephirus* confin'd,
Guide thee (O ſhip) for *Virgil's* ſake,
Whoſe ſafety thou in truſt didſt take:

Reddas

Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et ſerves animæ dimidium meæ.
Illi robur & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commiſit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec triſtes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere ſeu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui ſiccis oculis monſtra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, &
Infames ſcopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam Deus abſcidit
Prudens Oceano diſſociabili
Terras, ſi tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates tranſiliunt vada.
AUDAX omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.
Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit:
Poſt ignem ætheria domo
Subductum, macies & nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors:
Semotique prius tarda neceſſitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum eſt.
Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ: neque
Per noſtrum patimur ſcelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

Set

Set him on Attique ſhores in health,
And ſave my ſoul's divided wealth.
His ſtout heart was with braſſe enclos'd,
Who firſt of all fraile Bark expos'd
To boyſtrous ſeas; nor fear'd his life
In South-weſt ſtormes, and North-winds ſtrife;
When Hyades with clouds oppreſt,
Or raging South did moſt infeſt:
(Than which to raiſe ſtormes, or appeaſe,
None have more power in th' Adrian Seas.)
What Death can daunt his heart with feares,
Who floting monſters, free from teares,
Who ſwolne Seas viewes, and manly bold
Dares rough Ceraunian rocks behold?
In vaine wiſe God did Earth deny
The Oceans ſtrict ſociety,
If yet miſchievous ſhips aſſay,
O're deſperate ſhelves to make their way.
" Man, bold t'encounter all events,
" To paſſe forbidden wayes attempts.
By Guilefull Art *Prometheus* wrought,
That he ſtolne fire to mortals brought,
Which ta'ne from Heaven, barren dearth
With troopes of feavers cloy'd the Earth:
And ſlow Neceſſity of Fate,
Did Death's ſoft pace precipitate.
Raſh *Dedalus* the aire hath tri'd
With feath'red wing, to man deni'd.
Herculean labours Hell unbarr'd.
" Nothing to mortall man ſeemes hard.
Nay, Heaven it ſelfe is not exempt
From folly of our raſh attempt:
Nor ſuffer we, through ſins exceſſe,
That *Iove* his thunders rage repreſſe.

Ode IV.

Ad Lucium Sextium.

Amœnitate veris descriptâ, & communi moriendi consuetudine propositâ, tanquam Epicureus ad vitam voluptuosam Sextium hortatur.

*Solvitur acris hyems grata vice veris & Favoni:
Trahúntque siccas machinæ carinas:
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni,
Nec prata albicant pruinis.
Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Luna:
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alterno terram quatiunt pede: dum graves Cyclopum
Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto
Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ.
Nunc & in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,
Seu poscat agnam, sive malit hœdum.
PALLIDA mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. ô beate Sexti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia. quò simul meâris,
Non regna vini sortiere talis,
Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juventus
Nunc omnis, & mox virgines tepebunt.

Ode

ODE IV.

To Lucius Sextius.

Having deſcribed the pleaſantneſſe of the Spring, and the common neceſſity of death propoſed, as an Epicurian he exhorteth Sextius *to live merily.*

* FAvonius breath ſharpe winter's ice doth thaw,
And Engines dry Keeles into waters draw.
Beaſts leave their ſtals, plough-ſwaines their Fires forgo,
Nor are the meadows white with drifts of ſnow.
Now *Cytherea*, under *Cynthia*'s ſhine
Daunceth arround, and lovely Graces joyne beat,
With Nymphs, the Earth in meaſur'd ſtraines to
Whilſt *Vulcan* in his glowing Forge doth ſweat.
Now with greene Myrtle, crown thy ſleek-oyl'd head,
Or Flowers, which the mealow Earth doth ſpread.
To *Faunus*, now, in groves I doe adviſe,
Eyther a Kid, or Lamb thou ſacrifice.
"Death with like confidence knocks at the doore,
"Of mighty Potentates, as meager Poore.
Beleeve it (gentle *Sextius*) life's ſhort ſpace,
Forbiddeth us protracted hopes t'embrace.
Thee, a long Night will ſodainly oppreſſe;
Specters, and *Pluto's* wretched houſe poſſeſſe:
Whither when once thou com'ſt, no lo: ſhall gaine
Thee a Kings Title in a Taverne-raigne;
Nor *Lycidas* ſhal't ſee, whom youths admire,
And for whom Virgins ſoone will be on fire.

ODE

ODE VII.

Ad MUNACIUM PLANCUM.

Alii alias laudant civitates & regiones, *Horatius* vero reliquis anteponit *Tibur*, ubi natus eſt *Plancus*, quem ad diluendas vino curas cohortatur.

*Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mytilenen,
Aut Epheſum, bimarisve Corinthi
Mœnia: vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos
Inſignes, aut Theſſala Tempe.
Sunt quibus unum opus eſt, intactæ Palladis urbem
Carmine perpetuo celebrare, &
Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam.
Plurimus, in Junonis honorem,
Aptum dicit equis Argos, ditesque Mycenas.
Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Lariſſæ percuſſit campus opimæ,
Quàm domus Albuneæ reſonantis,
Et præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, & uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
Albus ut obſcuro deterget nubila cœlo
Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos: ſic tu ſapiens finire memento
Triſtitiam vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero: ſeu te fulgentia ſignis
Caſtra tenent, ſeu denſa tenebit
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque
Quum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo
Tempora populea fertur vinxiſſe corona,
Sic triſtes affatus amicos:

ODE

ODE VII.

To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Some praiſe one City, ſome another, but Horace *preferreth* Tibur *before all, where* Plancus *was borne, whom he exhorteth to waſh care away with wine.*

(pleaſe,

*SOme Rhodes, ſome Myt'lene, Epheſus doth
Or wals of Corinth, with its two-fold Seas:
Some Thebes, ſome Delian Delphos worth defend,
Other Theſſalian Tempe's ayre commend.
There are, who make their ſole, and fix'd deſigne,
To mention *Pallas* City in each line,
And rather ſtrive her Olive branch to grace,
Than any pull'd off from another place:
Yea ſome to honour *Iuno*, lowd proclame
Horſe-racing Argos, and *Mycenas* fame.
Me, not the patient Sparta's pompous ſights,
Nor fat-Lariſſa field ſo much delights,
As doe Albunea's Eccho-giving Groves,
And Anien's headlong ſtreame, that by it roves;
Or than Tiburnus woods, and Orchard-grounds,
Moyſtned with gliding brooke which it arrounds.
As the South wind, the heav'ns from darke clouds
And doth not generate perpetuall ſhowres, (ſcowres,
So *(Plancus)* with good wine, be it thy ſtrife,
To waſh down ſadneſſe, and the toyles of life:
Whether thou to thy glittering Tents art ty'de,
Or doſt in Tiburs ſhady Bowers abide.
When Teucer fled, Father, and Salamine,
He, (it is ſaid) his Temples dew'd with wine,
And browes encircled with a Poplar wreath,
Did 'mongſt his penſive friends theſe accents breath:*

Quo

Quò nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente,
Ibimus, ô ſocii comitéſque.
Nil deſperandum Teucro duce, & auſpice Teucro.
Certus enim promiſit Apollo
Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.
O fortès pejoráque paſſi
Mecum ſæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas:
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

ODE VIII.

Ad LYDIAM.

Juvenem Sybarin Lydiæ amore perditum, & voluptatibus colliquefactum notat.

LYdia dic, per omnes
Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere? cur apricum
Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque ſolis?
Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales equites, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperet ora frenis?
Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivam
Sanguine viperino
Cautiùs vitat? neque jam livida geſtat armis
Brachia: ſæpe diſco,
Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito.
Quid latet? ut marinæ
Filium dicunt Thetidis ſub lacrymoſa Troiæ
Funera: ne virilis
Cultus in cædem & Lycias proriperet catervas.

What

What way Fortune (more kind than Syres) shall show,
We, Friends, and deare Companions, will go.
Teucer, your Guide, *Teucer* encourager,
Despaire not any thing, admit no feare:
For we shall raise a second Salamine,
(Sayes wise *Apollo*) in another Clime:
Brave Spirits, who with me have suffred sorrow,
Drinke cares away; wee 'l set up sayles to-morrow.

ODE VIII.

To LYDIA.

He observeth Sybaris *a young man doth consume himselfe with love, and melt with voluptuous pleasures.*

* LYDIA, by all the Gods tell me, I pray,
Why with thy love melts Sybaris away?
Why, able, toyle, and labour to endure
Will he from open fields himselfe immure?
And neither, warlike, 'mongst his Equals ride,
Nor with commanding Bit his proud Horse guide?
Why feareth he to swimme in Tyber's flood,
And more the wrastlers oyle, than Vipers bloud?
His limbs (now) wax not wan with armes of proofe,
Nor nimbly throwes he Sledge, or Dart aloofe?
But sits obscure as Sea-bred *Thetis* sonne
When she should hasten Troye's subversion;
Meerely for feare, lest masculine array,
Might him to Battels, and brave deeds betray.

Ode XI.

Ad Leuconoen.

Hortatur Leuconoën omissâ futurorum curâ, voluptati indulgere, argumento à vitæ brevitate & celeritate ducto.

Tu nè quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi
Finem dii dederint, Leuconoë: nec Babylonios
Tentâris numeros, ut melius quicquid erit pati
(Seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam:
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum) sapias, vina liques: & spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces; dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.

Ode XII.

Ad Augustum.

Collaudatis diis, heroibus, virisque aliquot claris, tandem, ad divinas Augusti laudes descendit.

Quem virum, aut heroa lyrâ, vel acri
Tibiâ sumes celebrare Clio?
Quem Deum? cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago?

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidóve in Hæmo?

Ode

ODE XI.

To LEUCONOE.

He exhorteth Leuconöe, *that care omitted she seeke to please her selfe, taking argument from the shortnesse of life, and speed of death.*

STrive not (*Leuconöe*) to know what end
The Gods above to thee, or me will send:
Nor with Astrologers consult at all,
That thou may'st better know what can befall.
Whether, thou liv'st more winters, or thy last
Be this, which Tyrrhen waves 'gainst rocks doe cast;
Be wise, drinke free, and in so short a space,
Doe not protracted hopes of life embrace.
Whilst we are talking, Envious Time doth slide:
This day's thine owne, the next may be denide.

ODE XII.

To AUGUSTUS.

The Gods, Demy-Gods, and some worthy men honoured, he descendeth into the divine praises of Augustus.

WHat man, or *Hero* (*Clio*) wilt thou praise
With shrilleſt Pipe, or *Lyra*'s softer layes?
What God? whose name in sportive straine,
Echowill chaunt thee back againe?

Either in shady Heliconian Bowers,
High Pindus, or cold craggy Hemus Towers?

Unde vocalem temerè insequutæ
Orphea silvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celeresque ventos,
Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentum
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquã simile aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Prœliis audax, neque te silebo
Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
Belluis: nec te metuende certa
Phœbe sagitta.

Dicam & Alciden, puerosque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit.

Defluit saxis agitatus humor;
Concidunt venti, fugiúntque nubes;
Et minax (quòd sic voluëre) ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos
Curulis fasces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile letum.

Whence

Whence leavy Groves by heapes confus'd,
To wait on tunefull *Orpheus*, vs'd;

Orpheus, well skill'd from mothers artfull lay,
Swift rivers glide, and speedy winds to stay,
And with his harps melodious song:
Attentive Okes to draw along.

What shall I sing before the constant praise
Of father *Iove*, who Gods, and Mortals swaies?
Yea, Land, Sea, World extended wide
With various seasons doth divide?

From whom there nothing springs, greater than he:
Like nothing lives, nor can a second be:
Yet shall next honours *Pallas* grace,
Though seated in a lower place.

Nor will I, warlike *Bacchus*, let thee goe,
Nor *Diau*, savage beasts eternall foe:
Phœbus shall likewise have a part,
Dreadfull with unavoided dart.

With *Hercules* I *Leda's* sons must name,
Horse-service this, Foot-fight gives th'other Fame:
Whose brighter starre, when first in skie,
The wakefull Saylor doth descrie,

Downe from the rocks impetuous waters flow;
The winds surcease, the clouds dispelled goe:
And threatning waves (so the Twins will)
Upon the Oceans brow are still.

These mention'd first, shall *Romulus* obtaine
The next record, or *Numa's* peacefull raigne?
Shall I the power of *Tarquins* state,
Or *Cato's* manly death relate?

Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, ſuperante Pœno,
Gratus inſigni referam Camœna,
Fabriciúmque.

Hunc, & incomptis Curium capillis
Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes
Julium ſidus, velut inter igneis
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater, atque cuſtos
Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
Cæſaris fatis data: tu ſecundo
Cæſare regnes.

Ille, ſeu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit juſto domitos triumpho,
Sive ſubjectos Orientis oræ
Seras, & Indos:

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:
Tu gravi curru quatiens Olympum,
Tu parum caſtis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

Ode XIV.

Ad Rempublicam Bellum civilem reparantem.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus. ô quid agis? fortiter occupa

Stout

Stout *Regulus*, the *Scauri*, *Paulus*, free
Of his great ſoule in *Canna's* victory;
Or ſhall my gratefull tongue rehearſe
Fabricius, in reſplendent verſe?

Who with the valiant *Curius*, rough in guize
And haire uncomb'd, did with *Camillus* riſe
To high advancement, homely bred
In their poore Grand-Sires lands, and Shed.

Marcellus Fame is like a ſpreading Tree,
Which groweth ſtill, although inſenſibly:
Each eye the Julian Starre admires,
As *Cynthia* 'mongſt the leſſer fires.

Great Father, and Protector of Man-kind
From *Saturne* ſprung, to thee the Fates aſſign'd
The care of mighty *Cæſar*; Raigne,
And *Cæſar* ſecond place obtaine.

He whether in full triumph lead along
The vanquiſh'd Parthians, who neere Latium throng
Or Seres, and ſwart Indians tame,
That Eaſt-ward tremble at his name:

He leſſe, but Juſt, the ſpacious world ſhall guide;
Heav'n ſhaking, thou in thund'ring Chariot ride,
And thy offended lightning caſt
On Groves, which harbour the unchaſte.

ODE XIV.

To the Common-wealth preparing a-freſh for Civill war.

O Ship, what do'ſt? freſh ſtormes againe
Will drive thee back into the Maine,

Portum. nonne vides, ut
Nudum remigio latus,
Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
Antennæque gemant? ac sine funibus
Vix durare carinæ
Possint imperiosius
Æquor? non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
Quamvis Pontica pinus,
Silvæ filia nobilis,
Jactes & genus, & nomen inutile.
Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis
Debes ludibrium, cave.
Nuper sollicitumque mihi tædium,
Nunc desiderium, curáque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

Ode XV.

Nerei vaticinium, de ruina Trojæ.

Pastor cùm traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata. Mala ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.
Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor: quanta moves funera Dardanæ

Bravely

Bravely recover Port, and ſhore.
See'ſt not th'art deſtitute of Oare?
Swift South-weſt winds invade thy maſt,
Thy ſaile-yard cracks with every blaſt?
And cables ſcarce thy keele aſſure,
Thoſe ſurly billowes to endure?
Thy ſailes are torne, and thou a Thrall,
No Gods haſt to invoke at all.
Though Pontique Pine (woods noble race)
Thou boaſt thy barren name, and place.
The fearfull Sailer (dangers tride)
Doth not to painted ſhips confide:
Take heed unleſſe thou haſt a mind
To be a ſport unto the wind.
(Oh my Deſire, and greateſt Care,
Earſt horror to my heart) Beware,
And flie in time thoſe ſhelfie Seas,
Which run betwixt bright Cyclades.

ODE XV.

The Prophecy of Nereus *concerning the deſtruction of Troy.*

WHen in Idæan ſhips the trecherous Swaine,
With *Hellen* his Greeke Miſtreſſe croſs'd the (Maine,
Nereus, that ill events he might preſage,
Becalm'd with lazy Reſt the ſwift winde's rage.
Thou her tak'ſt home with thee in an ill hower,
Whom Greece ſhall fetch againe with armed power,
Conſpiring to diſſolve thy married ſtate,
And *Priam's* ancient Kingdome ruinate.
Alas! what toile for horſe, for men what paine,
What direfull funerals of Trojans ſlaine.

Genti! jam galeam Pallas, & ægida,
Currúſque, & rabiem parat.
Nequicquam, Veneris præſidio ferox,
Pectes Cæſariem, gratáque fœminis
Imbelli cithara carmina divides.
Nequicquam Thalamo graves
Haſtas, & calami ſpicula Cnoſſii
Vitabis, ſtrepitúmque, & celerem ſequi
Ajacem: tamen heu ſerus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.
Non Lærtiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Neſtora reſpicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucérque, & Sthenelus ſciens
Pugnæ: ſive opus eſt imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque
Noſces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydeides, melior patre.
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
Viſum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matroniſque Phrygum claſſis Achillei.
Poſt certas hyemes uret Achaicus
Ignis Iliacas domos.

Ode XVI.

Ad Amicam.

Pallinodiam canit. Nam veniam petit à puella quam Iambis læſerat: culpámque transfert in iram, cujus vim indomitam deſcribit.

O Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior,
Quem criminoſis cunque voles modum

Scc,

See, *Pallas*, Helme and Target doth provide,
And will on her incenſed Chariot ride.
In vaine growne inſolent with *Venus* grace,
Shalt thou thine haire diſhevell, ſleeke thy Face:
In vaine ſhalt thou, on Harp's effeminate ſtring,
Soft tuned notes t'attentive women ſing:
In vaine, thou in thy chamber ſhalt decline
Sharp Speares, and head of Cnoſſian Javeline,
Loud noyſe, and *Ajax*, nimble to purſue,
Yet duſt at laſt ſhall ſoyle thy Beauty's hue.
Do'ſt thou not *Nestor*, nor *Vlyſſes* mind,
Who for thy Countrey's ruine are deſign'd?
On thee undaunted *Salaminius* flies;
Thee *Sthenelus* provokes, who beares the prize
Of armes, or Horſe to manage with command:
'Gainſt thee likewiſe ſhall *Meriones* ſtand;
Fell *Diomedes* ſtronger than his Sire,
For thee, with deſp'rate fury ſhall enquire;
Whom as an Hart that doth neglect his food,
Spying far off the Wolfe thirſty of bloud,
Thou faintly ſhalt, and almoſt breathleſſe, fly,
Breaking thy vow to *Hellen*, cowardly.
Achilles wrathfull Fleet the houre ſhall ſlack
Of Phrygian Matrons fall, and Ilium's wrack:
But Grecian fire in time determinate,
Shall Trojan buildings burne, and diſſipate.

ODE XVI.

To a Friend.

He recants: For he asketh pardon of a Maid, whom he had wounded with Iambicks, transferring the fault upō anger, the unbridled forcе whereof he describeth.

DAughter, than thy faire Mother much more faire,
On my Iambicks fraught with ſpightfull aire,

Ponce

Pones Iambis : sive flamma,
Sive mari libet Adriano.
Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber æquè : non acuta
Sic geminant Corybantes æra,
Tristes ut iræ : quas neque Noricus
Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,
Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.
Fertur Prometheus addere principi
Limo coactus particulam undique
Desectam & insani leonis
Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.
Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi
Stravêre : & altis urbibus ultimæ
Stetêre causæ, cur perirent
Funditùs, imprimerétque muris
Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.
Compesce mentem. me quoque pectoris
Tentavit in dulci juventa
Fervor, & in celeres iambos
Misit furentem : nunc ego mitibus
Mutare quæro tristia, dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animúmque reddas.

ODE XVIII.

Ad QUINTILIUM VARUM.

Vinum moderatè sumptum exhilarat animum, at haustum immoderatè, furorem concitat.

*NUllam Vare sacra vite prius severis arborem
Circa mite solum Tiburis, & mœnia Catili.

Doe thou prescribe what doome thy selfe shall please,
Either of Flames, or Adriatique Seas.
Not Dindymenian, nor the Pythian Priest,
Are with such Fury by their Gods possest:
Not *Bacchus*, nor the Corybantes, so,
When on shrill brasse they iterate their blow,
As banefull Anger, which not Norique armes,
Nor the ship-wracking stormy Ocean charmes:
Not furious Fire, nor *Iove* himselfe on high,
When he with dreadfull thunder rends the skie.
'Tis said, *Prometheus*, resolv'd, to make
Man out of clay, did severall parcels take
Dissected cunningly from every beast,
And put fierce Lyons wroth into our brest.
Anger, *Thyestes* into ruine cast,
And unto Cities ever was the last:
Cause, why they fell, and that proud foes were seene,
With hostile share to plough where wals had beene.
Bridle thy selfe. Me likewise heat of bloud
Enrag'd in youth, and with distemper'd mood
Into Iambicks hurri'd: Now I seeke
To change my rougher language into meeke,
So wrongs recanted, thou more friendly be,
And love reciprocall returne to me.

Ode XVIII.

To Quintilius Varus.

Wine moderately taken exhilarateth the mind, and immoderately, doth stirre up fury.

*Varus, of all the Trees that may be found,
Plant me the Vine in Tiburs fruitful ground.

Sicci

Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit: neque
Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.
Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?
Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque decens Venus?
At, ne quis modici transiliat munera Liberi,
Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
Debellata: monet Sithoniis non levis Evius:
Cùm fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Discernunt avidi. non ego te candide Bassareu
Invitum quatiam: nec variis obsita frondibus
Sub divum rapiam. sæva tene cum Berecynthio
Cornu tympana: quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,
Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem,
Arcanique fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

Ode XXI.

In Dianam & Apollinem.

Hortatur virgines & pueros ad canendas eorum laudes.

Dianam teneræ dicite virgines,
Intonsum pueri dicite Cynthium,
Latonámque supremo
Dilectam penitus Jovi.

Vos lætam fluviis, & nemorum comâ
Quæcunque aut gelido prominet Algido,
Nigris aut Erimanthi
Sylvis, aut viridis Cragi.

Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,
Natalémque, mares, Delon Apollinis,

Ged-

God doth to ſober heads ſad cares diſpenſe,
And without Wine they are not driven thence.
Who talkes of want, or war-fare after wine?
And not of *Bacchus*, and thee *Ericine?*
But Centaur's with the Lapithes drunken fray
Warnes, wee with temper Liber's gifts aſſay:
So *Evius* warnes vex'd at Sythonians,
Whoſe luſt twixt Right, and Wrong no diffrence
I will not (gentle *Bacchus*) anger thee, (ſeannes.
Nor let the world know things ſhould hidden be.
Thy loud pipe, and thy Thracian dinne ſuppreſſe,
Which blind ſelfe-love attends, and Loftineſſe
Of vaine conceit all other to ſurpaſſe,
And breſts, leſſe ſecret than tranſparent Glaſſe.

Ode XXI.

Of Diana and Apollo.

Hee exhorteth Youths, and Virgins to ſing forth their prayſes.

* You tender Virgins, ſound *Diana's* name,
(Boyes) be your ſong youthfull *Apollo's* fame,
Latona likewiſe touch
By Jove affected much.

(Maids) mention her, who loved Rivers ſo,
And woods which on cold Algidus doe grow,
On Erymant are ſpread,
Or Cragus verdant head.

(Boyes) with your notes delightfull Tempe grace,
And Delos haunt, *Apollo's* native place;

Inſignémque

Insigníque pharetra,
Fraternáque humerum lyra.

Hic bellum lachrymosum, hic miseram famem
Pestémque à populo & principe Cæsare, in
Persas atque Britannos.
Vestra motus aget prece.

Ode XXII.

Ad Aristium.

Vitæ integritas ubique tuta est, idque suo exemplo probat.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,
Fusce, pharetrâ:

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

His

His ſhoulders, quiver-dight,
And Harp of heavenly might.

He, with our prayers mov'd, ſhall baniſh farre,
Sharpe hunger, Peſtilence, and direfull Warre
From Prince and People, to
Perſian, and Britiſh ſo.

ODE XXII.

To ARISTIUS.

Integrity of life is every where ſafe, which he proveth by his owne example.

WHo lives upright, and pure of heart
(O *Fuſcus*) neither needs the dart,
Nor bow, nor quiver, fraught with ſtore
Of ſhafts envenom'd by the More:

Whether o're Libya's parched ſands,
Or Caucaſus that houſeleſſe ſtands
He takes his journey; or thoſe places
Th'row which the fam'd *Hydaſpes* traces.

For (careleſſe) th'row the Sabin Grove,
Whilſt chaunting *Lalage*, I rove,
Not well obſerving limits due,
A Wolfe (from me unarmed) flew.

A monſter ſuch as all exceeds,
Which in huge woods fierce Daunia feeds;
Or thoſe, that *Juba's* Kingdome hath,
The Deſart-Nurſe of Lyons wrath.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura:
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malúsque
Jupiter urget:

Pone sub curru nimiùm propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

ODE XXIV.

Ad VIRGILIUM,

Qui mortem Quintilii deflebat immoderatè.

QUis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum citharâ dedit.
Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urget? cui Pudor, & Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit:
Nulli flebilior, quàm tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius (heu) non ita creditum
Poscis Quintilium deos.
Quid si Threïcio blandiùs Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem,
Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,
Quam virga semel horrida
Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum. SED levius fit patientia,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

ODE

Place me in coldeſt Champaines, where
No Summer-warmth the Trees doth cheere:
Let me in that dull Climate reſt,
Which clouds, and ſullen *Jove* infeſt:

Yea place me underneath the Carre
Of too neere *Phœbus*: ſeated farre
From dwellings: *Lalage* I'le love,
Whoſe ſmiles, whoſe words ſo ſweetly move.

ODE XXIV.

To VIRGIL,

Who immoderatly bewailed the death of Quintilius.

MElpomene, whom *Jove* our Father daignes
Shril voice appli'd to Harp's melodious ſtrains,
Tell in ſad notes how far the bounds extend
Of love, and ſhame unto ſo deare a friend?
Shall then in endleſſe ſleep *Quintilius* lie?
An equall unto whom, pure modeſtie,
And Juſtice'ſiſter, Faith ſincere, and plaine,
Nor naked Verity ſhall ever gaine?
Of many worthy men bemoan'd he fell,
But (*Virgil*) no man's griefe can thine excell.
Thou (loving) doſt (alas) the Gods in vaine
Quintilius, not ſo lent thee, aske againe.
What if more ſweet, than Thracian *Orpheus* wire,
You Trees perſwade, to hearken to your Lyre;
Yet can you not, returne of life command
To ſhadow vaine, which once with dreadfull wand,
God *Mercury*, unwilling FATE t'unlock,
Hath forc'd to dwell among the Stygian flock.
'Tis hard, I grant; "But Patience makes that light,
"Which to correct, or change, exceeds our might.

ODE

Ode XXVI.

Ad Musam, de Ælio Lamia.

Non decet Musarum cultores curis & mœroribus esse obnoxios. Poëta suum Lamiam Musæ Pimpleæ commendat.

*Musis amicus, tristitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis: quis sub Arcto
Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,
Quid Tiridatem terreat unicè
Securus. O quæ fontibus integris
Gaudes, apricos nectis flores,
Nectis meo Lamiæ coronam
Pimplea dulcis. nil sine te mei
Possunt honores: hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro
Teque tuásque decet sorores.*

Ode XXVIII.

Inducitur Archytas Philosophus & Geometra nautæ cuidam respondens, quòd omnibus sit moriendum, peténsque à nauta ne sinat corpus suum jacere in littore insepultum.

*Te maris & terræ, numeróque carentis arenæ
Mensorem, cohibent, Archyta,
Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum
Munera: nec quidquam tibi prodest
Aërias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum
Percurrisse polum, morituro.*

Ode XXVI.

To his Muſe, concerning Ælius Lamia.

It is not fit for the lovers of the Muſes to be ſubject to cares and ſadneſſe. The Poet commendeth his Lamia to the Pimplean Muſe.

*I, Who the Muſes love, Sadneſſe, and Feare
Will to rough winds cõmit, that they may beare
Them to the Cretique ſea, careleſſe, who ſwayes,
And whom the far-North dweller moſt obayes:
Or what doth great *Tiridates* affright.
O my Pimplean Muſe (my hearts delight;)
O thou who neare pure Fountaines ſitteſt downe,
Wreath o'drous flowers for *Lamia*, wreath a Crowne.
Little without thee worketh my applauſe:
'Tis now become thine, and thy ſiſter's cauſe
Him, with unuſed ſtraines to celebrate
And with thy Lesbian Lyre to conſecrate.

Ode XXVIII.

Architas, *a Philoſopher, and Geometrician, is preſented, anſwering to a certaine Mariner, that all men muſt die, and intreating him, that he would not ſuffer his body to lie on the ſhore unburied.*

THe poore gift of a little duſt, confines,
And neere unto the Matine ſhore enſhrines
Thee, now (*Architas*) who could'ſt meaſure well
The Sea, the Earth, and Sands, which none can tell.
Nor could it any help, or profit be,
Death being ready ſtill to ſeize on thee,
Thoſe ai'rie manſions to have ſought from hence,
And oft ſurvey'd the Heav'ns circumference.

Occidit

Occidit & Pelopis genitor, conviva Deorum:
Tithonúsque remotus in auras:
Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus: habéntq;
Tartara Panthoiden, iterum Orco
Demissum: quamvis clypeo Trojana revixo
Tempora testatus, nihil ultra
Nervos, atque cutem morti concesserat atræ,
Judice te, non sordidus auctor
Naturæ, verique. Sed omnes una manet nox,
Et calcanda semel via lethi.
Dant alios Furiæ torvo spectacula Marti:
Exitio est avidis mare nautis.
Mista senum, ac juvenum densantur funera:
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit. (*nullum*
Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis,
Illyricis Notus obruit undis.
At tu nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ
Ossibus & capiti inhumato
Particulam dare. sic, quodcunq; minabitur
Fluctibus Hesperiis, Venusinæ (*Eurus*
Plectantur silvæ, te sospite, multáque merces,
Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo
Ab Jove, Neptunóque sacri custode Tarenti.
Negligis immeritis nocituram
Post modo te natis fraudem cõmittere. forsan
Debita jura, vicésque superbæ
Te maneant ipsũ. precibus non linquar inultis,
Téque piacula nulla resolvent.
Quamquã festinas (non est mora longa) licebit
Injecto ter pulvere curras.

The

The Sire of *Pelops*, who with Gods did feast,
And aged *Tython*, shrunk at Death's Arrest:
And *Minos*, to *Jove's* councels call'd, was slaine,
And *Panthois* di'de, sent down to Hell againe;
Though by the shield pull'd down, he proving well
That his first Birth in Trojans ages fell,
Affirm'd, that Death nought kill'd, but nerves and skin;
(No man in Nature's power was better seen:)
But we into one selfe same night doe fall,
And must the paths of Death tread once for all.
The Furies some to games of *Mars* apply,
The greedy Sailer drench'd in Seas doth lie.
In death both young and old, by heapes doe joyne;
Nor any head escapes sad *Proserpine*.
Me, the South-wind, crooked *Orion's* Mate
O're-whelmed in Illyrian waves of late:
But (gentle Friend) be pleas'd now I am dead,
In loose sands to interre my Bones, and Head.
Which done (so thou be safe) may th'Easterne wind,
Which stirres Hesperian billowes, be assign'd
To bluster lowdly in Venusium woods:
And may on ev'ry side, thy traffiqu'd goods
In plenty flow to thee from *Jove's* just hand,
And *Neptune*, who Tarentum doth command:
But if this fault of thine shall seeme but slight,
(Which may upon thine harmlesse Issue light)
I wish due punishment, and proud neglect,
May on thy funerall Obsequies reflect:
Nor shall my prayers be powr'd forth in vaine,
Nor vowes have strength to set thee free againe,
Yet if thou haste, no longer stay I crave,
But thrice to throw the Dust upon my Grave.

Ode XXIX.

Ad Iccium.

Mirum est & monstri simile *Iccium* Philosophum, studio intermisso, ad militiam transiisse divitiarum cupiditate.

*Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis: & acrem militiam paras
Non ante devictis Sabææ
Regibus: horribilique Medo
Nectis catenas. Quæ tibi virginum
Sponso necato barbara serviet?
Puer quis ex aula capillis
Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,
Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas
Arcu paterno? quis neget arduis
Pronos relabi posse rivos
Montibus, & Tiberim reverti:
Quum tu coemptos undique nobiles
Libros Panæti, Socraticam & domum
Mutare loricis Iberis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

Ode XXXI.

Ad Apollinem.

Non divitias petit ab Apolline, sed ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? non opimas
Sardiniæ segetes feracis:

Ode XXIX.

To Iccius.

It is a ſtrange thing, that Iccius *the Philoſopher intermitting his ſtudies ſhould become a man at Armes, out of the love of money.*

Iccius) thou now the Arabs doſt envy
Their golden treaſure, and to warres doſt hye,
Gainſt the Sabean Kings, unvanquiſhed,
And nets prepar'ſt to ſnare the horrid Mede.
What Captive Damſell her beloved ſlaine
Shall ſerve thee now? what youth of noble ſtraine
Shall now annointed, on thy Cup attend,
Prompt, from his Fathers Bow ſwift-ſhafts to ſend?
Who can deny but falling Rivers may
Runne up ſteepe Hills, and Tyber backward ſtray:
When thou *Panetius* bookes on all ſides ſought,
And houſe of *Socrates*, where Arts were taught,
Doſt into ſteely Spaniſh Armes tranſlate,
With promiſe to thy ſelfe of better ſtate.

Ode XXXI.

To Apollo.

He deſireth not riches of Apollo, *but that he may have a ſound minde in a healthy body.*

What doth thy Poet aske (*Phœbus* divine;)
What craves he, when he pours thee Bowles (of wine?
Not the rich corne of fat Sardinia,
Nor fruitfull flocks of burnt Calabria,

Non æstuosæ grata Calabriæ
Armenta: non aurum, aut ebur Indicum:
Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.
Premant Calena falce, quibus dedit
Fortuna, vitem: dives & aureis
Mercator exsiccet cululis
Vina Syra reparata merce,
Diis charus ipsis: quippe ter, & quater
Anno revisens æquor Atlanticum
Impunè. Me pascunt olivæ,
Me cichorêa, levésque malvæ.
Frui paratis & valido mihi
Latoë dones: & (precor) integra
Cum mente, nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

Ode XXXIV.

Ad Scipsum.

Quem pœnitet quòd Epicureos sequutus, parum studiosè Deos coluerit.

Parcus Deorum cultor, & infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro: nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos. Namque Diespiter
Igni corusco nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucrémque currum:
Quo bruta tellus, & vaga flumina,
Quo Styx, & invisi horrida Tenari
Sedes, Atlanteúsque finis
Concutitur. Valet ima summis

Nor Gold, nor Indian Ivorie; nor the grounds,
Which ſilent Lyris with ſoft ſtreame arrounds.
Let thoſe whom Fortune ſo much ſtore aſſignes,
Prune with Calenian hooke their fertile vines:
Let the rich Merchant to the Gods ſo deare,
(For ſo I terme him right, who every yeare,
Three, or foure times, viſits th'Atlantique Seas
From ſhipwrack free:) Let him his palate pleaſe;
And in gilt bowles drinke wines of higheſt price,
Bought with the ſale of Syrian Merchandiee.
Looſe Mallowes, Succorie, and Olive-plant
Serve me for food. O (great *Apollo*) grant
To mee in health, and free from life's annoy,
Things native, and ſoone gotten to enjoy;
And with a mind compos'd old Age attaine,
Not loathſome, nor depriv'd of Lyrick Straine.

Ode XXXIV.

To Himſelfe.

who repenteth, that having followed the Epicurian Sect, he thereby hath negligently honoured the Gods.

I Who the Gods remiſſely did adore,
In frantique Wiſdome erring heretofore,
Now, back, enforced am my ſailes to raiſe,
And once againe to ſeeke forſaken wayes.
For *Iupiter*, who day with light inſpires,
Dividing dusky clouds, with glitt'ring Fires,
Hath oft th'row cleareſt skie advanc'd his courſe,
With Chariot ſwift, and thunder-breathing Horſe,
Wherewith dull Earth, and wandring Rivers quake,
Yea Stygian Fen, and horrid dwellings ſhake
Of hatefull *Tænarus*, and *Atlas'* bounds.
"God, by exchange, the high with low confounds:

Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens. Hinc apicem rapax
Fortuna cum stridore acuto
Sustulit : hic posuisse gaudet.

ODE XXXV.

Ad FORTUNAM.

Obsecrat eam, ut Cæsarem conservet in Britannos iturum.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos :
Te pauper ambit sollicita prece
Ruris colonus : te dominam æquoris,
Quicunque Bithyna lacessit
Carpathium pelagus carina.
Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
Urbesque, gentesque, & Latium ferox,
Regumque matres Barbarorum, &
Purpurei metuunt tyranni :
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem columnam : neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
Clavos trabales, & cuneos manu
Gestans aena : nec severus
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum.
Te Spes, & albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno : nec comitem abnegat,
Utcunque mutata potentes
Veste domos inimica linquis.

He abject baſeneſſe on the greateſt flings,
And caſteth luſtre on obſcured things.
Hence reſtleſſe Fortune, height from one man takes
With ſhrilleſt noyſe, and Great another makes.

Ode XXXV.

To Fortvne.

He beſeecheth her, that ſhee would preſerve Cæſar *going into Britany.*

O Goddeſſe, which beloved Antium ſwayes,
Still ready with thy powerfull arme to raiſe
Men, from the low degree of wretched Thrals,
Or turne proud Triumphs into Funerals.
The poore and ruſtick Clowne with humble plea
Solicites thee: Thee Lady of the Sea
He loudly invocates, who e're doth ſweepe
In Aſian Veſſell the Carpathian Deepe.
The Dacian rough, the wandring Scythian,
Kingdomes, and Cities; the fierce Latian:
Thee mothers of Barbarian Kings doe feare,
And Tyrants, which bright purple garments weare.
Let not a ſtanding Pillar be o'rethrowne
By thy offended foot: Nor be it knowne,
That troopes of warlike people now at reſt,
Take armes againe, and Empire's peace infeſt.
Still, ſharp Neceſſitie before thee goes,
Holding in brazen hand, (as pledge of woes)
Tormenting Beames, and Wracks: and more to adde,
Sharp hookes, and molten lead doe never want.
Thee, Hope, and ſimple Faith in white attire,
Much honour, and thy company deſire;
How e're thou do'ſt another habit take,
And made a Foe to Great Men, them forſake.

At vulgus infidum, & meretrix retrò
Perjura cedit: diffugiunt cadis
Cum fæce ſiccatis amici,
Ferre jugum pariter doloſi.
Serves iturum Cæſarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, & juvenum recens
Examen Eöis timendum
Partibus, Oceanóque rubro.
Eheu, cicatricum, & ſceleris pudet,
Fratrúmque. Quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas? quid intactum nefaſti
Linquimus? unde manus juventus
Metu Deorum continuit? quibus
Pepercit aris? ô utinam nova
Incude diffingas retuſum in
Maſſagetas Arabeſque ferrum.

ODE XXXVII.

Ad Sodales.

Quos hortatur ad indulgendum Genio ob victoriam Actiacam.

NVnc eſt bibendū; nunc pede libero
Pulſanda tellus: nunc Saliaribus
Ornare pulvinar Deorum
Tempus erat dapibus, ſodales.
Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum
Cellis avitis, dum Capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Funus & imperio parabat,
Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum: quidlibet impotens
Sperare, fortunáque dulci
Ebria. Sed minuit furorem

But the falſe Multitude, and perjur'd Whore
Retireth back: yea friends, when veſſel's ſtore
Is to the dregs drunke up, away doe flie,
Shunning the yoke of mutuall povertie
Preſerve thou *Cæſar* ſafe, wee thee implore,
Bound to the world's remoteſt Britton ſhore,
And thoſe new Troopes of youth, whoſe dreadfull (ſight,
The Eaſt and ruddy Ocean doth affright.
Fie on our broyles, vile Acts, and Brother's fall.
Bad Age! what miſchiefe doe we ſhun at all?
What youth, his hand for feare of God's containes?
Or who from ſacred Altar's ſpoyle refraines?
Ah! rather let's dull ſwords new forge, and whet
Againſt th'Arabian, and the Maſſaget.

Ode XXXVII.

To his Companions.

Whom he exhorteth to be merry upon the newes of the Actiaque victorie.

NOw let us drinke, now dance (Companions)
Let's Salian banquets to the Gods allow. (now
It might before this time be thought a ſinne,
To broach old Cæcube wines, whilſt the mad Queene
Prepar'd the ruine, and diſaſtrous fall,
Both of the Empire, and the Capitoll,
With her ſcabb'd Troope of men effeminate,
Proud with vaſt hopes, and drunk with proſp'rous
But the ſcarce ſafety of one ſhip from fire (ſtate:
Leſs'ned her fury, whilſt great *Cæſar's* Ire

Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus
Mentémque lymphatam Marcotico
Redegit in veros timores
Cæsar, ab Italia volantem
Remis adurgens (accipiter velut
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus
Venator in campis nivalis
Æmoniæ) daret ut catenis
Fatale monstrum. Quæ generosiùs
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit ensem, nec latentes
Classe cita reparavit oras.
Ausa & jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno fortis, & asperas
Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
Corpore combiberet venenum,
Deliberata morte ferocior:
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens,
Privata deduci superbo
Non humilis mulier triumpho.

Finis Libri primi.

To

To'reall feares enforc'd her to reſigne
Her minde enrag'd with Marcotique wine,
He preſſed with ſwift veſſels to enchaine
This Monſter, flying Italy amaine:
As Hawke the fearfull Dove, or Hunter ſwift
Purſues the Hare th'row Æmon's ſnowie drift:
Whilſt ſhe, that ſhe might dye the nobler way,
Did neither as a woman feare the ray
Of brandiſh'd ſword, nor laboured to flye,
With ſpeedy flight in ſecret nookes to lye:
But with an eye ſerene, and courage bold,
Durſt her dejected Palaces behold,
Handle the hiſſing Adder, and the Snake,
And in her body their black poyſon take:
Made the more fierce by death determined,
She (noble Spirit) ſcorned to be led
In hoſtile veſſels, as a private Thrall,
To fill proud Triumphs with her wretched Fall.

The end of the firſt Booke.

HORATII ODÆ.

Liber ſecundus.

ODE I.

Ad C. ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

Pollionem monet ut Tragœdiarum ſcripturam tantiſper intermittat, dum reſpublica ſit compoſita. Deinde commendat illius ſcripta.

Motum ex Metello conſule civicum,
Bellíque cauſas, & vitia, & modos,
Ludumque Fortunæ, gravéſque
Principum amicitias, & arma
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
Periculoſæ plenum opus alcæ,
Tractas, & incedis per igneis
Suppoſitos cineri doloſo.
Paulum ſeveræ Muſa tragœdiæ
Deſit theatris: mox, ubi publicas
Res ordinaris, grande munus
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

ODES

ODES OF *Horace.*

The ſecond Booke.

ODE I.

To C. ASINIVS POLLIO.

He adviſeth him to intermit the writing of Tragedies awhile till the Common wealth be compoſed. Laſtly, he commendeth his writings.

THou civill broyles, their cauſes, errors, way,
Doſt from *Metellus'* Conſulſhip diſplay;
The various ſports of Fortune, faithleſſe knots
Of Prince's leagues, their armes diſtain'd with ſpots
Of bloud unexpiate; A worke replent
With dangerous events, which thou do'ſt treat,
And tread, as guilefull aſhes hiding fire.
Ah let thy Muſe, ſome little time retire
From Theaters, where Tragedies doe mourne,
And when thou publique things haſt done, Returne,
And in Cecropian Buskin proſecute
Thy worthy Talent (who do'ſt contribute

Inſigne

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis,
Et consulenti Pollio curiæ:
Cui laurus æternos honores
Dalmatico peperit triumpho.
Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum
Perstringis aureis: jam litui strepunt:
Jam fulgor armorum fugaces
Terret equos, equitúmque vultus.
Audire magnos jam videor duces
Non indecoro pulvere sordidos:
Et cuncta terrarum subacta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis.
Juno, & Deorum quisquis amicior
Afris, inulta cesserat impotens
Tellure: victorum nepotes
Rettulit inferias Jugurthæ.
Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior
Campus sepulchris impia prælia
Testatur, auditúmque Medis
Hesperiæ sonitum ruinæ?
Qui gurges, aut quæ flumina lugubris
Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniæ
Non decoloravere cædes?
Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?
Sed ne relictis Musa procax jocis
Ceæ retractes munera næniæ:
Mecum Dionæo sub antro
Quære modos leviore plectro.

Such free ſupport unto the ſad accus'd,
And Senate, which hath long thy Counſell us'd:)
That Lawrels may with honour crowne thy head,
By thy Dalmatian triumphs purchaſed. (ſound;
Now Eares thou ſtrik'ſt with Trumpets threat'ning
Straight-wayes the Cornet's ſhriller notes rebound.
Now armour's bright reflection, terrifies
The flying Horſe, and dazleth Horſe-mens eyes.
Then valiant Captaines, (whom me thinks I heare)
Not ſordid with inglorious duſt appeare:
Yea all the world, I there ſubdued finde,
But the great *Cato's* unaffrighted minde.
Iuno, and Gods, who did for Affrick ſtand,
Unable to revenge, forſooke the land:
But Victor's nephewes, ſhe to ſlaughter bent,
As funerall victimes to *Iugurtha* ſent.
What field with Roman bloud now fatter growne,
But makes by Graves, our impious battels knowne?
Nay Mede have heard reſound in Climates far,
Heſperia's ruines wrought by Civill warre.
What pettie Gulph, or ſtreame of water's flow,
That doth not our diſaſtrous conflicts know?
What Sea, which Daunian ſlaughters have not di'd?
What ſhore, where Romane bloud is not deſcri'd?
But (ſaucie Muſe) leſt leaving ſportive veine,
Thou take upon thee *Cæus* mournfull ſtraine,
Seeke with me in *Dione's* ſilent Cave,
Notes, which a quill of ſofter touch muſt have.

ODE.

ODE II.

Ad C. CRISPUM SALUSTIUM.

Proculeium laudat ob liberalitatem in fratres. Contemptus pecuniæ solum regem efficit & beatum.

Nullus argento color est avaris
Abdito terris, inimice lamnæ
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato
Splendeat usu.

Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,
Notus in fratres animi paterni:
Illum aget pennâ metuente solvi
Fama superstes.

Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm si Libyam remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni.

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis, & aquosus albo
Corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten,
Dissidens plebi numero beatorum eximit virtus, populumque falsis
Dedocet uti

Vocibus, regnum, & diadema tutum
Deferens uni, propriamque laurum,
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto
Spectat acervos.

ODE

Ode II.

To C. Salvstivs Crispvs.

He praiſeth Proculeius *for liberalitie towards his Brothers. Onely contempt of money makes a man happie.*

No colour is in golden veine
(Oh *Saluſt*, enemie of Gaine)
Hidden within a greedy Mine,
Unleſſe with temp'rate uſe it ſhine.

Good *Proculeius* ne're ſhall die
'Mongſt Brothers mark'd for Pietie:
Surviving Fame with daring flight
Shall yeeld his Name eternall right.

In larger circuit thou doſt raigne,
If greedy Humor thou reſtraine,
Than if thou Gades to Lybia joyne,
Or both the Carthages were thine.

The ſelfe-indulgent dropſie growes,
Nor doth the palat's thirſt unloſe,
Till man from veines, the dolours cauſe,
And pallid wat'rie faintneſſe drawes.

Vertue, diſſenting from the ſtraine
Of vulgar Spirits, in the traine
Of happie men, plac'd not *Phraät*,
Although reſtor'd to *Cyrus* ſtate.

And makes the people underſtand;
That proper praiſe, and juſt command,
They ſhould alone to him apply,
Who viewes huge heapes with careleſſe Eye.

Ode III.

Ad Delium.

Moderatè ferenda utraque est fortuna, quum omnibus impendeat æqua moriendi conditio.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus ac bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitia: moriture Deli,
Seu mœstus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum beâris
Interiore nota Falerni:
Quâ pinus ingens, albâque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, & obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.
Huc vina, & unguenta, & nimium brevis
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ:
Dum res, & ætas, & sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.
Cedes coëmptis saltibus, & domo,
Villâque flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes: & extructis in altum
Divitiis potietur hæres.
Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper, & infima
De gente sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eôdem cogimur. Omnium
Versatur urnâ: serius ocyus
Sors exitura, & nos in æternum
Exilium impositura Cymbæ.

Ode

Ode III.

To Delius.

Prosperous, and adverse Fortune are to be moderately borne, since one, and the selfe same condition of death hangeth over every man.

In adverse chance an equall minde retaine,
As in best fortunes temp'red, free from vaine
Of mirth profuse: For (*Delius*) thou must die,
Though with sad thoughts oppreſt thou silent lie;
Or, on Feast-dayes retir'd to grassie shade,
Thou with choyce Falerne wine art happy made:
Where the white Poplar, and the lofty Pine,
In friendly shade their mutuall branches twine;
And Rivers swiftly gliding strive, apace (chace.
'Bout crooked Banks, their trembling streames to
Bring hither wine, and od'rous unguents. Bring
The dainty Rose, a faire, but fading thing;
While Fortune, Age, and Wealth yeeld seasons fit,
And the three Sisters sable loomes permit. (woods,
Thou from thine House must part, and purchas'd
From village lav'd with yellow Tybers floods,
And thy vast hoorded heapes of wealth's excesse,
An Heire (perhaps) ungratefull shall possesse.
No matter 'tis, whether thou rich art borne
Of Argive Kings, or low expos'd to scorne
Sprung from poore Parents, liv'st in open fields;
Thou art Death's sacrifice (who never yeelds.)
We all are thither brought, 'tis he that turnes,
And guides our mortall life's uncertaine Urnes.
Sooner, or later each man hath his lot,
And hence exil'd, embarques in *Charon's* boat.

Ode

Ode VI.

Ad Septimium.

Optat habere suæ senectutis sedem Tibur & Tarentum, quorum laudat amœnitatem.

* *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, &*
Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra,
Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
Æstuat unda.
Tibur Argeo positum colono,
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ:
Sit modus lasso maris, & viarum,
Militiæque.
Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi
Flumen, & regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.
Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridisque certat
Baccha Venafro.
Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet
Jupiter brumas: & amicus Aulon
Fertili Baccho, minimum Falernis
Invidet uvis.
Ille te mecum locus & beatæ
Postulant arces: ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lachryma favillam
Vatis amici.

Ode

Ode VI.

To Septimius.

He wiſheth Tybur, and Tarentum may be the ſeat of his old age, whoſe ſweetneſſe hee prayſeth.

* *Septimius*, ready bent, with me
Rude Cantabers, or Gades to ſee,
And thoſe inhoſpitable Quick-ſands, where
The Moriſh Seas high-billowes reare.
Tybur, which th'Argives built (O may)
That be the place of my laſt Day:
May it my limit be, of eaſe
From journeyes, warfare, and rough Seas.
But if the Siſter-Fates deny,
I'le to rich-fleec'd *Galeſus* hye,
And thence downe to Tarentum ſtray,
Earſt ſubject to *Phalantus* ſway.
That Tract of land beſt pleaſeth me,
Where not *Hymettia's* full fraught Bee
Yeelds better Honey, and where grow
Olives, that equall Venafro.
Where the milde Ayre yeelds gentle Froſt,
And a long Spring-tyde warmes the coaſt,
And Aulon fertile in rich vines,
Envyeth not Falernian wines.
That place, with all thoſe fruitfull Hills,
Mee with deſire of thee fulfills:
There let thy due-paid teares deſcend
O're the warme Aſhes of thy Friend.

Ode

Ode IX.

Ad Valgium.

Vt tandem aliquando mortem pueri ſui Myſtis deflere deſinat.

Non ſemper imbres nubibus hiſpidos
Manant in agros, aut mare Caſpium
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Vſque: nec Armeniis in oris
Amice Valgi ſtat glacies iners
Menſes per omnes: aut Aquilonibus
Querceta Gargani laborant,
Et foliis viduantur orni.
Tu ſemper urges flebilibus modis
Myſten ademptum; nec tibi Veſpere
Surgente decedunt amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.
At non ter ævo functus amabilem
Ploravit omnes Antilochum ſenex
Annos: nec impubem parentes
Troilon, aut Phrygiæ ſorores
Flevere ſemper. Deſine mollium
Tandem querelarum: & potius nova
Cantemus Auguſti trophæa
Cæſaris, & rigidum Niphaten,
Medúmque flumen gentibus additum
Victis, minores volvere vortices:
Intráque præſcriptum Gelonos
Exiguis equitare campis.

Ode IX.

To Valgius.

That now at length hee would deſiſt to deplore his deceaſed Myſte.

THe ſwelling Cloud, not alwayes powres
On rugged fields, impetuous ſhowres.
Nor Caſpian Sea (*Valgius* belov'd)
With boyſt'rous ſtormes, is ever, mov'd:
Nor on Armenia's bord'ring ſhore,
Dull Iſicles ſtand alwayes hore:
Or garden Groves, with North-wind's riv'd,
Or are Aſh-trees of leaves depriv'd.
You ſtill in mournfull ſort complaine,
That Death hath your deare *Myſte* ſlaine,
Your love ſets not, if *Veſper* riſe,
Nor when from *Phœbus*, *Heſper* flies:
But thrice-ag'd *Neſtor* did not ſtill,
Teares, for *Antilochus* diſtill:
Nor Parents, nor ſad Siſters, ever
To waile young *Troïlus* perſever.
Ceaſe then at length thy ſoft complaint,
And in our Songs, Now, let us paint
Great *Cæſar's* Trophies, and command,
And how conjoyn'd to conquer'd land,
The Median ſtreame, and Nyphate ſtrong,
In leſſer Channels, run along,
And *Gelons* to leſſe limits tide,
In farre more ſtraightned fields doe ride.

Ode X.

Ad Licinium.

Mediocritas in utráque Fortunâ eſt ferenda.

Rectiùs vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo: neque, dum procellas
Cautus horreſcis, nimiùm premendo
Littus iniquum.

AUREAM quiſquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obſoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda
Sobrius aula.

Sæpiùs ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus, & celſæ graviore caſu
Decidunt turres, feriúntque ſummos
Fulmina montes.

SPERAT infeſtis, metuit ſecundis
Alteram ſortem benè præparatum
Pectus. Informes hyemes reducit
Jupiter: idem

Summovet. Non, ſi malè nunc, & olim
Sic erit. Quondam citharâ tacentem
Suſcitat Muſam, neque ſemper arcum
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animoſus, atque
Fortis appare. Sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimiùm ſecundo
Turgida vela.

Ode

Ode X.

To Licinius.

Mediocritie to be uſed in either Fortune.

Licinius, know your ſafer way,
Is not ſtill on the Maine to ſtray:
Nor whilſt you (wiſely) ſtormes abhorre,
Too much to ſeeke the ſhelfie ſhore.

He, who affects the golden Meane,
Lives ſafe from Cottages uncleane:
And (ſober) doth as much deſpiſe,
In envie-breeding Courts to riſe.

The bluſtring winds more often farre
'Gainſt loftie Pines, doe threaten warre:
Brave Towers with greater ruine fall,
And Thunders higheſt hills enthrall.

Each Fortune ſutes with minds prepar'd,
They feare in good, and hope in hard.
Iove brings in horrid Winter's rage,
And ſuddenly doth it aſſwage.

If with thee now it be but ill,
Reſolve, it cannot be ſo ſtill.
Sometimes *Apollo's* ſilent Muſe
Speakes in his Harp, nor doth he uſe

Alwayes to bend his angrie Bow.
In croſſes Strength, and Courage ſhow:
And (wiſely) ſtrike ſailes, when you finde
Them filled, with too proſp'rous winde.

ODE XI.

Ad QUINTUM HIRPINUM.

Omissis curis vivendum est hilariter.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adria
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere: nec trepides in usum
Poscentis ævi pauca, fugit retrò
Lævis juventas, & decor, arida
Pallente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilemque somnum.
Non semper idem floribus est honos
Vernis, neque uno Luna rubens nitet
Vultu. Quid æternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?
Cur non sub alta vel platano, vel hac
Pinu jacentes sic temerè, & rosa
Canos odorati capillos,
Dum licet, Assyriáque nardo
Potamus uncti? dissipat Evius
Curas edaces. Quis puer ocyùs
Restinguet ardentis Falerni
Pocula prætereunte lympha?
Quis devium scortum eliciet domo
Lyden? eburna, dic age, cum lyra
Maturet, in comptum Lacænæ
More comam religata nodum.

ODE

Ode XI.

To Qvintvs Hirpinvs.

Cares laid aside, let us live merrily.

WHat the Cantabrian ſtout, or Scythian (thinke,
Divided from us by rough Adria's brinke,
(*Quintus Hirpinus*) doe not thou enquire,
Nor for life's uſe, which little doth deſire,
Be too ſollicitous. Sleeke youth, apace
Haſt's hence away, and with it beautie's grace,
Dry-aged Hoarineſſe with furrowes deepe
Diſpelling amorous fires, and gentle ſleepe.
The Summer flowers keepe not their native Grace,
Nor ſhines the bright Moone, with a conſtant face.
Why doſt thou vex thy minde, ſubordinate
Unto the Councels of eternall Fate?
Why under this high Plane, or Pine-tree's ſhade
In diſcompoſed manner, careleſſe laid
Anoint not we, and then to drinke prepare?
Free *Bacchus* diſſipates conſuming care.
But (oh) what boy Falernian wine's hot rage,
Will ſoone for me, with fountaine-ſtreames aſſwage?
Or, who will *Lyde* wiſh from cloſe retire
Hither to come. Boy, with her Ivorie Lyre
Bid her make haſte, and like Laconian Maids
Tie her neglected haire in careleſſe braids.

Ode XIII.

In Arborem, cujus casu repentino penè oppressus fuerat.

Nunquam homini satis certum est quid cavere debeat. Sapphonis & Alcæi laudes.

Ille & nefasto te posuit die,
Quicunque primum, & sacrilega manu
Produxit, arbos, in nepotum
Perniciem, opprobiúmque pagi:
Illum & parentis crediderim sui
Fregisse cervicem, & penetralia
Sparsisse nocturno cruore
Hospitis: ille venena Colchi-
ca, & quidquid usquam concipitur nefas
Tractavit: agro qui statuit meo,
Te triste lignum, te caducum
In domini caput immerentis.
Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est. In horas navita Bosphorum
Pœnus perhorrescit, neque ultrà
Cæca timet aliunde fata.
Miles sagittas, & celerem fugam
Parthi: catenas Parthus, & Italúm
Robur: sed improvisa lethi
Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.
Quàm penè furvæ regna Proserpinæ,
Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,
Sedésque discretas piorum, &
Æoliis fidibus querentem
Sappho puellis de popularibus,
Et te sonantem plenius aureo
Alcæe plectro dura navis,

ODE

Ode XIII.

Againſt a Tree, by whoſe ſudden fall he had almoſt beene ſlaine.

Never is Man certaine enough, what he ſhould avoyd. The praiſe of Sappho *and* Alcæus.

WHo ever'twas (O Tree) that ſet thee firſt,
With wicked hand, and on a day accurſt,
Planted a ſtock the Countrey's ſhame to be,
And future miſchiefe to Poſteritie.
I thinke he brake his Father's neck at leaſt,
Or ſtain'd cloſe roomes with ſlaughter of ſome gueſt:
He Colchique poyſons handled, and what ere
In any place we bad conceive, or feare,
Who fix'd thee (wicked Plant) upon my ground,
Thy guiltleſſe Lord, by falling to confound.
" What daily by us ſhould avoyded be,
" We cannot with ſufficient Heed foreſee.
The Affrick Sailer Boſphor-Staights doth feare;
Nor hidden danger dreads, elſe any where:
The Souldier, ſhafts, and Parthians when they fly,
The Parthian, chaines, and power of Italy:
But the ſad ſtroke of unexpected Fate,
Hath, and will ever Nations ruinate.
How neere have we beheld black *Proſerpine*,
And *Æacus*, who fatall Doomes doth ſigne:
Th'Elyzian fields repleniſhed with Saints,
And on Æolian Harp heard *Sappho's* plaints
Of Lesbian Maids: And thee *Alcæus* eke,
Whoſe golden Harp in fuller notes doth ſpeake,

Dura fugæ mala, dura belli!
Utrumque sacro digna silentio
Mirantur Umbræ dicere: sed magis
Pugnas, & exactos tyrannos
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.
Quid mirum? ubi illis carminibus stupens
Demittit atras bellua centiceps
Aures, & intorti capillis
Eumenidum recreantur angues.
Quin & Prometheus, & Pelopis parens
Dulci laborum decipitur sono:
Nec curat Orion leones,
Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

Ode XIV.

Ad Posthumum.

Vita brevis, & mori necesse est.

Heu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis, & instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.
Non si trecenis, quotquot eunt dies,
Amice places illachrymabilem
Plutona tauris: qui ter-amplum
Geryonem, Tityonque tristi
Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terræ munere vescimur,
Enaviganda: sive reges,
Sive inopes erimus coloni,
Frustra cruento Marte carebimus
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ,
Frustra per autumnos nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.
Visendus ater flumine languido

Hard

Hard ſea-adventures, ill ſucceſſe of flight,
And dangers manifold of warlike Fight.
At both whoſe Songs, the ſhades admiring ſtand,
And ſacred Silence to themſelves command:
But the heap'd Multitude with greedy eare
Throng, ſtraines of Fights, and baniſh'd Kings to heare.
No wonder! ſince the hundred-headnd Beaſt
Coucheth his eares, attentive with the reſt.
And the fell Snakes wreath'd in the Furie's haire,
Herewith their melancholy teene repaire:
Yea, gnawne *Prometheus*, and *Pelop's* Syre
Forget their paines, charm'd with this tunefull Lyre;
Nor doth *Orion* minde the Lyons view,
Or the ſwift-footed Lynces to purſue.

Ode XIV.

To Posthvmvs.

Life is ſhort, and Death is neceſſary.

AH *Poſthumus*, ſwift yeares ſoone paſſe,
Nor can religious Zeale (alas)
To wrinckles, or decrepit dayes,
Or death untamed bring delayes:
Not if thou to harſh *Pluto's* ſhrine
Each day three hundred Buls aſſigne:
Who *Geryon*, and *Titius* bound,
With ſable river doth ſurround:
A ſtreame on which each man muſt ſaile,
From royall Scepter to the Flaile.
We bloudy *Mars* decline in vaine,
Or broken waves of Adrian Maine:
And (needleſſe) feare, when Autumne's riſe
The South-winds hurtfull to our life.
Wand'ring *Cocytus* Floud, with ſlow
And heavy Current, thou muſt know

Cocytus errans, & Danai genus
Infame, damnatúsque longi
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.
Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens
Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum
Te præter invisas cupressos
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.
Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior,
Servata centum clavibus: & mero
Tinget pavimentum superbo,
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

Ode XV.

In sui sæculi luxum.

Jam pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent: undique latiùs
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu, platanúsque cœlebs
Evincet ulmos: tum violaria, &
Myrtus, & omnis copia narium
Spargent olivetis odorem
Fertilibus domino priori.
Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus: non ita Romuli
Præscriptum, & intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterúmque norma.
Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum. Nulla decempedis
Metata privatis, opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arctos:
Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem
Leges sinebant, oppida publico

And *Danaus* infamous Traine,
And *Syſiphus* with endleſſe paine.
Thou Houſe, Land, lovely Wife muſt want,
Nor any Trees, which thou doſt plant,
(When thou art dead) will wait on thee,
But the moſt hated Cypreſſe tree.
Thy worthier heire drinks Cæcube wine,
Which thou with hundred keyes did'ſt ſhrine;
And with it the rich pavement dewes:
None ſuch the High-Prieſt's banquet ſhewes.

Ode XV.

Againſt the exceſſe of that Age.

MAgnifique buildings ſhortly will allow
Few Akers of firme land unto the Plough:
Now many may be ſeene huge Pooles to make,
Of much more wide extent than Lucrine Lake.
The ſolitarie Plane, the Elme ſupplants,
Nor any flower ſweet odours breathing, wants,
As Myrtles, Roſes, and the Violet,
Where the firſt Owner fertile Olives ſet.
The Lawrell now, to *Phœbus* piercing Eye,
Th'row his thick branches paſſage doth deny.
No ſuch preſcript did *Romulus* exact,
Nor Elders, nor rough *Cato* did enact.
Private revenues, then, were ſhort, and low,
And each man ſtrove to make the publique flow:
Proud Gallerie no private men, then, made
Rais'd ten foot wide, to let in Northerne ſhade:
Nor might wee by our ancient Lawes diſdaine
For pillowes, caſuall Turfes to entertaine;

Sumptu jubentes, & Deorum
Templa novo decorare ſaxo.

ODE XVI.

Ad GROSPHUM.

Omnes expetunt animi tranquillitatem, quæ neque divitiis neque honoribus poteſt acquiri, ſed cupiditates tantùm coercendo.

OTium Divos rogat in patenti
Prenſus Ægeo, ſimul atra nubes
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sydera nautis.

Otium bello furioſa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Groſphe, non gemmis, neque purpura venale nec auro.

Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor miſeros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volantes.

VIVITUR parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in menſa tenui ſalinum:
Nec leves ſomnos timor, aut Cupido
Sordidus auſert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

Commanding

Commanding Townes to build at publique charge,
And the God's Temples, with new ſtone enlarge.

Ode XVI.

To Grosphvs.

All men deſire tranquillitie of minde, which can neither with riches, nor Honours be acquired, but onely with bridling our Appetites.

SOone as black clouds have hid the Moone's bright (Eye,
And Pilots cannot beſt knowne Starres deſcrie,
The Mariner toſs'd in Ægean Sea,
Straight to the Gods for reſt makes humble plea.

The warlike Thracians peacefull eaſe require,
And quiver-bearing Medes repoſe deſire,
Repoſe, which not with Gem's, Purple, or Gold,
(Beleeve me *Groſphus*) will be bought, or ſold.

No wealth, nor Conſuls Lictors, who make way,
Can from the heart diſturbed tumults fray;
Or cares which flie about gilt roofes, diſpell.
He happily with little liveth well,

Who having on his homely Table plac'd
His Father's Cup, and Salt kept undefac'd,
So lives, that Feare, nor ſordid Lucre keepe
His waking eyes from ſoft, and gentle ſleepe.

Why doe we (boldly) many things propoſe
In ſhort liv'd age, which Time doth quickly cloſe?
Why lands with other Sun enflamed change?
Who from himſelfe, though far from home can range?

Scandit æratas vitioſa naves
Cura: nec turmas equitum relinquit,
Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos
Ocyor Euro.

Lætus in præſens animus, quod ultrà eſt
Oderit curare: & amara læto
Temperet riſu. NIHIL eſt ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem:
Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus:
Et mihi forſan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum
Mugiunt vaccæ: tibi tollit hinnitum
apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

Veſtiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, &
Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camenæ,
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum
Spernere vulgus.

Ode XVII.

Ad Mæcenatem ægrotum.

Quo mortuo negat ſe velle vivere.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?
Nec Diis amicum eſt, nec mihi, te prius
Obire, Mæcenas, mearum
Grande decus, columéque rerum.

Strong

Strong ſhips are boorded by conſuming Care:
Nor doth She braveſt Troopes of Horſemen ſpare:
More ſwift ſhe is than the light-footed Hind,
Or tempeſt-raiſing ſtormes of Eaſterne wind.

The minde in preſent cheerefull hates the care,
Or feare of future things: And doth prepare
To temper bitter fits with laughter free.
"Nothing in all reſpects can happie be.

Death quickly ſnatched brave *Achilles* hence,
Nor did with *Tython's* long-liv'd age diſpence:
And that (perhaps) I may of Time obtaine
Which thy expecting hopes ſhall never gaine.

You many fertile flocks of ſheepe command,
Sicilian Kine about you, lowing, ſtand:
Your Mares for Chariot fit, are heard from farre
Lowdly to neigh: Nor garments wanting are

Of purple cloth, dipp'd twice in Affrick Die,
Whilſt a poore ſtate, by upright Deſtinie,
To me is giv'n; mix'd with a ſlender Name,
Of Greekiſh Muſe, and ſcorne of vulgar Fame.

Ode XVII.

To Mæcenas being ſick.

Whom he reſolveth not to ſurvive.

WHy kill you me with your laments?
It not the Gods, nor me contents,
Mæcenas (firſt) ſhould yeeld to Fate,
The Grace, and Pillar of my ſtate.

Ah, te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec charus æquè, nec superstes
Integer? ille dies utramque
Ducet ruinam: non ego perfidum
Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.
Me nec Chimæræ spiritus igneæ,
Nec si resurgat centimanus Gyas,
Divellet unquam. Sic potenti
Justitiæ placitumque Parcis.
Seu Libra, seu me Scorpius aspicit
Formidolosus, pars violentior
Natalis horæ, seu tyrannus
Hesperiæ Capricornus undæ:
Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
Consentit astrum. Te Jovis impio
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit, volucrisque fati
Tardavit alas, cùm populus frequens
Lætum theatris ter crepuit sonum:
Me truncus illapsus cerebro
Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
Dextrâ levasset, Mercurialium
Custos virorum. Reddere victimas,
Ædemque votivam memento:
Nos humilem feriemus agnam.

But if a ſpeedier ſtroke of death,
Rob thee (my ſoules beſt part) of breath?
Why ſtay I in the other, *Sale*,
Not pleaſing to my ſelfe, nor *whole*?
One day ſhall ſee us periſh both:
I have not falſly ſworne an oath.
Goe, when you pleaſe, I will not ſtay,
But be your partner in the way.
Chimæra breathing flames of fire,
Nor hundred-handed *Gya's* ire,
Shall ſeparate my ſoule from thine;
Thus Juſtice, and the Fates deſigne:
Though *Libra* in his full aſpect,
And *Scorpius* fell, with beames direct,
My Horoſcope with rage infeſt,
Or *Capricorne*, that rules the Weſt:
Our Conſtellations both agree
In admirable ſort. And thee
Iove's radiant luſtre hath exempt
From *Saturn's* ray malevolent,
And ſlack'd the wings of ſpeedy death,
Ev'n when the people with loud breath,
Thrice in the Theater did ſound
That gladſome newes; What time a wound,
By a Tree's fall, my skull had broke,
Had not God *Faunus* from the ſtroke
Protected mee, who doth aſſiſt,
(As Patron, each Mercurialiſt:)
Pay victimes, thy vow'd Temple build,
And I a tender Lamb will yeeld.

ODE

Ode XVIII.

Re tenui se contentum dicit, ubi alii cupiditatibus suis & divitiis student, quasi perpetuò victuri.

Non ebur, neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar;
Non trabes Hymettiæ
Premunt columnas ultimæ recisæ
Africa: neque Attali
Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi:
Nec Laconicas mihi
Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ.
At fides & ingeni
Benigna vena est: pauperémque dives
Me petit. Nihil supra
Deos lacesso: nec potentem amicum
Largiora flagito,
Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.
Truditur dies die,
Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ:
Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus: & sepulchri
Immemor, struis domos:
Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora
Parum locuples continente ripa.
Quid quòd usque proximos
Revellis agri terminos, & ultra
Limites clientium
Salis avarus? pellitur paternos

Ode

Ode XVIII.

He affirmeth himselfe to be contented with a little, while others are wholly addicted to their desires, and encrease of riches, as if they should alwayes live.

NO gilded roofe, nor Ivorie Fret,
For splendor in my house is set;
Nor are beames from Hymettia sought,
To lye a-thwart rich Columnes, brought
From Affrick; nor I heire unknowne,
Make *Attalus* his wealth, mine owne.
No honest Tenants wives you see,
Laconian Purples weave for mee:
A loyall heart, and ready vaine
Of wit I have, which doth constraine
Rome's richest men to seeke the love
Of me, though poore: Nor Gods above
Doe I invoke for larger store;
Nor of *Mæcenas* aske I more.
To me my single Sabine field,
Sufficient happinesse doth yeeld.
"One day thrust's on another fast,
And new Moones to the wane doe hast.
When death (perhaps) is neere at hand,
Thou fairest Marbles dost command
Be cut for use, yet dost neglect
Thy Grave, and houses still erect:
Nay would'st abridge the vast Sea's shore,
Which lowdly doth at Baiæ rore:
Enriched little, lesse content,
With limits of the Continent.
Why often pull'st thou up the bounds,
T'enlarge the Circuit of thy grounds,

In ſinu ferens deos
Et uxor, & vir, ſordidóſque natos.
Nulla certior tamen
Rapacis Orci fine deſtinata,
Aula divitem manet
Herum. Quid ultrà tendis? Æqua tellus
Pauperi recluditur
Regúmque pueris : nec ſatelles Orci
Callidum Promethea
Revexit auro captus. Hic ſuperbum
Tantalum atque Tantali
Genus coercet : hic levare functum
Pauperem laboribus,
Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

Ode XX.

Ad Mæcenatem.

Horatius in Cygnum verſus per univerſum provolabit orbem, unde ſibi promittit ſuæ poëſeos immortalitatem.

Non uſitata aut tenui ferar
Penna biformis per liquidum æthera
Vates : neque in terris morabor
Longiùs : invidiáque major
Urbes relinquam. Non ego pauperum
Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas
Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo,
Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

Encroaching

Eſcroaching farre from confines knowne,
To make the neighbouring field thine own?
The Husband, wife, and ſordid brood,
With ancient Houſhold Gods, that ſtood
In quiet peace, muſt be expell'd:
Yet is not any manſion, held
For the rich Land-lord ſo aſſur'd
As deepe in Hell to be immur'd.
Then whither doe you further tend?
Th'indiff'rent Earth, an equall friend,
As willingly opens her wombe,
For Begger's grave, as Princes Tombe.
Gold could of *Charon* not obtaine,
To beare *Prometheus* back againe.
Proud *Tantalus*, and all his ſtock,
Death, with the bands of Fate doth lock:
And call'd, or not call'd ready ſtands,
To free the poore from painfull bands.

Ode XX.

Horace *turned into a Swan, will fly all over the world, whence he promiſeth the immortality of his Poeſie.*

* A Two-fold Poet, through the liquid ſky,
I, with a ſtrong unuſuall wing will fly:
No longer ſhall I of the Earth partake,
But out of Envies reach, the world forſake.
I am not Iſſued of ignoble ſtraine,
Nor whom *Mæcenas* pleaſeth to retaine
Under the title of Belov'd ſhall dy,
Or in the Stygian lake forgotten ly.

Iam

Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles: & album mutor in alitem,
Superne: nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.
Jam Dædaleo ocyor Icaro
Visam gementis littora Bosphori,
Syrtesque Gætulas canorus
Ales, Hyperboreosque campos.
Me Colchus, & qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis Dacus, & ultimi
Noscent Geloni: me peritus
Discet Iber, Rhodanique potor.
Absint inani funere næniæ:
Luctusque turpes & querimoniæ.
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulchri
Mitte supervacuos honores.

Finis Libri secundi.

Now, now, upon my legs a rugged skin
Is overſpred, and I a Swan am ſeene
Upward transform'd, A light and downy plume,
My fingers, and wing'd ſhoulders now aſſume.
And now a ſhrill-tun'd Bird become, Ile ſoare
And much more ſwift than *Icarus*, explore
The Lybian Syrtes, and the murmuring ſand,
Of Boſphor ſtraights, and Hyperborean land.
Me, *Colchos* and the *Dacian*, who doth faigne
Feare of the Marſian's armes ſhall entertaine,
Gelons remote, and they who on the brinke
Of Iber dwell, or Rhodanus doe drinke.
Baniſh from my thin Hearce your fun'rall mones,
Your ill becoming teares, Complaints, and grones:
Clamour forbeare, or fondly to conferre
The needleſſe Honour of a Sepulcher.

The end of the ſecond Booke.

HORATII

HORATII ODÆ.

Liber tertius.

ODE I.

Vita beata non opibus aut honoribus, ſed animi tranquillitate efficitur.

ODi profanum vulgus, & arceo;
Favete linguis. Carmina non priùs
Audita, Muſarum ſacerdos,
Virginibus, puerisque canto.
Regum timendorum in proprios greges,
Reges in ipſos imperium eſt Jovis,
Clari Giganteo triumpho,
Cuncta ſupercilio moventis.
Eſt, ut vir viro latiùs ordinet
Arbuſta ſulcis: hic generoſior
Deſcendat in campum petitor:
Moribus hic, meliórque fama

ODES

ODES OF *Horace.*

The third Booke.

ODE I.

Life is made happy, not with riches, but Mind's Tranquillity.

I Hate th'unlearned vulgar Crew,
Be silent: (Boyes, and Maids) to you
I Priest of Muses now reherse,
What never yet was heard in verse.
Kings awfull, their owne Subjects sway,
And Kings themselves doe *Iove* obay;
Who famous for the Gyants fall,
With brow austere doth manage all.
Say one in larger furrowes plant
Trees, which another Man doth want.
What though one boast a nobler straine,
Affected honours to attaine:
One better life, and fame pretends,
Another hath more Troopes of friends:

Contendat?

Contendat: illi turba clientium
Sit major: Æqua lege neceſſitas
Sortitur inſignes & imos,
Omne capax movet urna nomen.

Diſtrictus enſis cui ſuper impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt ſaporem:
Non avium, citharæque cantus

Somnum reducent. Somnus agreſtium
Lenis virorum non humiles domos
Faſtidit, umbroſamque ripam,
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

"Deſiderantem quod ſatis eſt, neque
"Tumultuoſum ſollicitat mare,
Nec ſævus Arcturi cadentis
Impetus, aut orientis Hædi:

Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sydera, nunc hyemes iniquas.

Contracta piſces æquora ſentiunt,
Jactis in altum molibus. Huc frequens
Cæmenta demittit redemptor
Cum famulis, dominúſque terræ

Faſtidioſus. Sed timor & minæ
Scandunt eôdem, quò dominus: neque
Decedit æratа triremi, &
Poſt equitem ſedet atra cura.

Quòd ſi dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,
Nec purpurarum ſydere clarior
Delenit uſus, nec Falerna
Vitis, Achæmeniúmque coſtum:

With

With equall law ne're fayling death,
The rich, and poore deprives of breath,
Caſting the name from forth his urne,
Which next by lot, to death muſt turne.
Sicilian feaſts, with dainties grac't,
Procure no palate-pleaſing taſt
To him, who o're his wicked head
A drawne-ſword ſees in twine of thread.
No chaunt of Birds, nor charme of Lyre
Can in his eyes ſoft ſleepe inſpire:
Delicious Sleepe, no whit diſdaynes
The homely Cottages of ſwaines,
Nor ſhady bankes, nor Tempe grove,
Where *Zephirus* doth gently rove.
"He, who deſires but what's enough;
"Feares not the Ocean-billowes rough:
Nor ſterne Arcturus force that ſets;
Nor riſing Kid; which ſtormes begets;
Nor troubled is, when Vines th'rough Haile,
Or plenteous Crops in Harveſt faile:
Or when his Trees feele water-flowes,
His fields hot ſtarres, or winter-ſnowes.
Now, Fiſhes, find the Seas more ſtraight,
With Bulwarks rais'd of wondrous waight:
Hither the Tasker with his trayne,
And Lord himſelfe, fill'd with diſdayne,
Of his firme Land's too narrow Ring,
Materials, fit for building, bring:
But angry Threats, and reſtleſſe Feare,
Goe with their Maiſter every where.
Black Care, a ſhip-broad with him bides,
And ſits behind him, when he rides.
But if, nor Phrigian Columnes, can,
Nor uſe of Purples brighter, than
Heav'ns lights, diſturbed minds content,
Nor Falerne Vine, nor Perſian Sent:

Cur invidendis poſtibus, & novo
Sublime ritu moliar atrium?
Cur valle permutem Sabina
Divitias operoſiores?

ODE II.

Ad Amicos.

Pueri à teneris annis paupertati, militiæ & vitæ laborioſæ ſunt aſſuefaciendi.

AUguſtam, amici, pauperiem pati
Robuſtius acri militia puer
Condiſcat, & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus haſta,
Vitámque ſub dio, & trepidis agat
In rebus. Illum ex mœnibus hoſticis
Matrona bellantis tyranni
Proſpiciens, & adulta virgo,
Suſpiret, eheu, ne rudis agminum
Sponſus laceſſat regius aſperum
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta
Per medias rapit ira cædes.
DULCE & decorum eſt pro patria mori.
Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum:
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidóque tergo.
Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intacta minatis fulget honoribus:

Why Pillars proud, should I erect,
Or Gall'rie of new architect?
Why should I Sabine's Countrey-Grange,
For much more busie wealth exchange?

Ode II.

To his Friends.

Boyes are to be enured from their tender age, to povertie, warfare, and painfull life.

LEt th'able youth, himselfe enure
By sharp wars taught, want to endure:
And mounted on his horse, with speare,
Confront bold Parthians, free from feare:
Let him expos'd to open aire,
Live, and attempt the hard'st affaire:
Whom when some warlike Tyrant's Queene
Or Virgin marriage-ripe hath seene,
A-farre from hostile walls, may cry
With sighs, which from sad passion fly:
O, that my royall Lord, untrain'd
In martiall feats, would be restrain'd,
Not by fierce Combat's fatall stroke,
That wrathfull Lyon to provoke,
Whom bloudy Anger's direfull rage,
In thickest slaughter's doth engage.
"It is a sweet, and noble gaine,
"In Countrey's quarrell to be slaine.
Death the swift flying man pursues
With ready steps: Nor doth he use
To spare from unavoyded wrack,
Youth's supple hammes, or fearfull back.
Vertue, that ne're repulse admits,
In taintlesse honours, glorious sits,

Nec ſumit, aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio populáris aurę.
Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
Cœlum, negata tentat iter via:
Cœtúſque vulgares, & udam
Spernit humum fugiente pœnna.
Eſt & fideli tuta ſilentio
Merces. Vetabo, qui Cereris ſacrum
Vulgárit arcanæ, ſub iiſdem
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvat ſaſelum. " *Sæpe Diespiter*
" *Neglectus, incęſto addidit integrum:*
" *Rarò antecedentem ſceleſtum*
" *Deſeruit pede pœna claudo.*

Ode III.

Vir virtute præditus nihil extimeſcit. Oratio Junonis de Troja everſa, de bello Trojano finito, déque Imperio Rom. à Trojanis initium capturo.

Iuſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida: neque Auſter,
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.
Hac arte Pollux, & vagus Hercules
Innixus, arces attigit igneas:
Quos inter Auguſtus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore nectar.

Nor

Nor takes, or leaveth Dignities,
Rais'd with the noyse of vulgar cryes.
Vertue (to worth heav'n opening wide)
Dauntlesse, breakes thorough wayes deni'd.
And (taught) the Rabble to despise,
Forsaking Earth to Heaven flyes.
Yea trusty Silence is not barr'd,
From having a deserv'd reward.
He, who to blab the holy Rites
Of secret Ceres Phane delights,
Under the same Rooffe shall not be,
Nor in fraile vessell sayle with me.
" Oft *Iove* neglected makes the Just
" To smart with those are stayn'd with lust:
" Seldome Revenge, though slow of pace,
" Leaves ill fore-going men to trace.

Ode III.

A Man with vertue adorned feareth nothing. Juno's oration of Troyes overthrow, and the end of that war. And how the Roman Empire shall take beginning from the Trojans.

THe Just, and constant man, who firmely stands,
No proud insulting Citizens commands,
Nor angry brow of wrathfull Tyrant's threat,
Hath power to shake from solid vertues seat.
Not the South-winds, which stormy Adria stirre,
Nor potent hand of thund'ring *Iupiter*:
Yea should the world dissolved perish quite,
The sodaine ruines would him not affright.
Thus anciently, the wandring *Hercules*,
And *Pollux*, did the fiery Turrets seaze:
Twixt whom *Augustus* plac'd, with rosy lips,
Nectar, the Gods eternall liquor, sips.

Hâc te merentem Bacche pater tuæ
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes. Hâc Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit:
Gratum elocuta consiliantibus
Junone Divis. Ilion, Ilion
Fatalis incestúsque judex,
Et mulier peregrina vertit
In pulverem, ex quo destituit Deos
Mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi,
Castæque damnatum Minervæ
Cum populo, & duce fraudulento.
Jam nec Lacænæ splendet adulteræ
Famosus hospes: nec Priami domus
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit:
Nostríque ductum seditionibus
Bellum resedit. Protinus & graves
Iras, & invisum nepotem,
Troica quem peperit sacerdos,
Marti redonabo. Illum ego lucidas
Inire sedes, ducere Nectaris
Succos, & adscribi quietis
Ordinibus patiar Deorum.
Dum longus inter sæviat Ilion,
Romámque Pontus, qualibet exules
In parte regnanto beati:
Dum Priami, Paridisque bustо
Insultet armentum, & catulos feræ
Celent inultæ: stet Capitolium
Fulgens, triumphatísque possit
Roma ferox dare jura Medis.
Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras, quà medius liquor
Secernit Europen ab Afro,
Quà tumidus rigat arva Nilus:

Thus

Thus the God *Bacchus*, high his worth did reare,
By Tygers drawne, untaught the yoke to beare:
With this art *Romulus* on *Mars* his ſteeds,
From Stygian Lake to heav'nly glory ſpeeds.
What time the Gods conſulting, *Iuno* ſaid
" In gratefull Accents, Thus; Troy, now betray'd,
" A fatall, and inceſtuous Judge hath burn'd,
" And a ſtrange woman into Aſhes turn'd.
" Ev'n from the time that *Priam's* wayward ſire
" Bereft the righteous Gods their promis'd hire,
" Was Troy (by me and *Pallas* ill contemn'd)
" With Prince, and people unto flames condemn'd.
" Now the knowne gueſt of that adul'trous Dame
" Which fled from Greece, hath loſt his noble Name;
" And *Priam's* perjur'd ſtock, with *Hector's* ayd
" No more ſhall make the warlike Greekes affrayd.
" The bloudy warres, which our ſeditions fed,
" Are now compos'd, and fury baniſhed:
" My enmity 'gainſt *Mars*, henceforth Ile leave,
" And *Ilia's* Race will into grace receive:
" Whom I to Heav'ns bright manſions will admit,
" To drinke of Nectar, and with Gods to ſit:
" So the vaſt Sea, twixt Troy and Rome may rore,
" Raigne happy baniſh'd men on any ſhore:
" So heards o're *Priam's* Tombe, and *Paris's* ſtray,
" And beaſts preſerve their young from Hunters prey,
" Let the bright Capitoll it's glory ſpread,
" And Rome give lawes unto the conquer'd Mede.
" Yea, may ſhe, her farre dreaded name extend,
" And with the Earth's remoteſt confines end;
" Where the Mid-ſtreame, Europe from Affrick bounds,
" Or ſwelling *Nilus*, wat'reth fertile grouds.

Aurum irrepertum, & ſic melius ſitum,
Cùm terra celat, ſpernere fortior,
Quàm cogere humanos in uſus,
Omne ſacrum rapiente dextra.
Quicunque mundi terminus obſtitit,
Hunc tangat armis, viſere geſtiens
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Quâ nebulæ, pluviique rores.
Sed bellicoſis fata Quiritibus
Hac lege dico, ne nimium pii,
Rebuſque fidentes, avitæ
Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.
Trojæ renaſcens alite lugubri
Fortuna triſti clade iterabitur,
Ducente victrices catervas
Conjuge me Jovis & ſorore.
Ter ſi reſurgat murus aheneus
Auctore Phœbo, ter pereat meis
Exciſus Argivis, ter uxor
Capta virum puerôſque ploret.
Non hæc jocoſæ conveniunt lyræ.
Quò Muſa tendis? deſine pervicax
Referre ſermones deorum, &
Magna modis tenuare parvis.

Ode IV.

Poeta ſe à multis periculis Muſarum ope ereptum fuiſſe dicit, omnibuſque malè ceſſiſſe qui adverſum Deos aliquid moliri voluerint.

Deſcende cœlo, & dic agè tibiâ
Regina longum Calliope melos,
Seu voce nunc mavis acuta,
Seu fidibus citharâve Phœbi.
Auditis? an me ludit amabilis
Inſania! audire, & videor pios

"Rome

" Rome abler farre, to ſcorne gold, yet unfound,
" (Which beſt is plac'd, when deepeſt under ground,)
" Then to extract it thence for humane uſe,
" (Each hand things ſacred foyling with abuſe.)
" What limit of the world ſo e're contend,
" Let thither Rome, her armes victorious ſend.
" Glad to behold, where the burnt Zones doe ſtand,
" Or clowdy Poles, which ſhowry dewes command.
" But to th'utmoſt unvanquiſh'd Roman ſtate,
" On this condition I preſcribe this Fate,
" Leſt they too pious, and indulgent yeeld,
" The ruind walls of ancient Troy to build.
" Yet if that Fortune by unhappy chance,
" Should once againe decayed Troy advance,
" I, wife, and ſiſter of *Iove*, Heaven's King,
" With armed Troups, would new deſtruction bring.
" If thrice a brazen wall, by *Phebus* hand
" Should reared be, it thrice by my command, (wife
" The Greekes ſhould raze, and thrice the captive
" Her child and husband mourne, depriv'd of life.
But theſe things nothing fit my ſportive lyre;
Muſe, whither tend'ſt thou? Ah! doe not aſpire,
The Gods diſcourſe, thus boldly to relate,
Or great things with low layes extenuate.

Ode III.

Horace *affirmeth himſelfe to be freed from many dangers by the helpe of the muſes; and that it hath fallen out ill with all thoſe, who ſought to doe any thing againſt the Gods.*

GReat Queene *Calliope*) from heaven deſcend,
And on thy ſhriller flute ſweet Notes extend,
Or gently ſing with voyce accented ſharpe,
Or tunefull Lira, or *Apollo's* Harpe.
Harke, doe you heare her, or doth me deceive
Some pleaſing madneſſe! I my ſelfe conceive

Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos & aquæ ſubeunt & auræ.
Me fabuloſæ Vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatúmque ſomno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texêre: Mirum quod foret omnibus,
Quicunque celſæ nidum Acheruntiæ,
Saltúſque Bantinos, & arvum
Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti:
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem, & urſis: ut premerer ſacra
Lauróque, collatáque myrto,
Non ſine Diis animoſus infans.
Veſter, Camænæ, veſter, in arduos
Tollor Sabinos: ſeu mihi frigidum
Præneſte, ſeu Tibur ſupinum,
Seu liquidæ placuere Baiæ.
Veſtris amicum fontibus & choris,
Non me Philippis verſa acies retrò,
Devota non extinxit arbos,
Nec Siculæ Palinurus unda.
Utcunque mecum vos eritis, libens
Inſanientem navita Boſphorum
Tentabo, & æntes arenas
Littoris Aſſyrii, viator.
Viſam Britannos hoſpitibus feros,
Et lætum equino ſanguine Concanum:
Viſam pharetratos Gelonos,
Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.
Vos Cæſarem altum, militia ſimul
Feſſas cohortes abdidit oppidis,
Finire quærentem labores,
Pierio recreatis antro.
Vos lene conſilium & datis, & dato
Gaudetis almæ. Scimus ut impios

I heare her, and doe walke thoſe ſacred Groves,
Where Chryſtall waters glide, ſoft Zephir roves,
Whilſt, I, a child from tatling Nurſe did ſtray
Upon Apulian mountaines, and with play,
And ſleepe was overcome (as Boyes will be)
Turtles, with verdant boughes did cover me.
It was a thing miraculous to thoſe,
Whom lofty Acherontia's wals encloſe,
And ſuch as dwell in Bantine's forreſt wide,
Or in fat fields of low Ferentum bide;
How I a ſilly Infant, not afraid,
Should ſafely ſleepe by God's protecting aid,
Free from the Viper, and the Beare that ſtrayes,
Cover'd with Myrtle branch and holy Bayes.
Yours (Muſes) yours I am, whither advanc'd
To Sabine hils, or ſweetly am entranc'd
In coole Præneſte, or in Tybur reſt,
Or Baiæ, with health-giving waters bleſt.
Not th'Army at Philippis vanquiſh'd quite,
Nor fatall Tree, nor *Palinurus* ſpite
Fix'd in Sicilian Sea, extinguiſh'd me,
A vowed friend to your Societie.
When you at any time with me reſide,
I, as a Mariner will paſſe the tide
Of the rough Boſphor-ſtraights, and wayes explore,
Over the parched ſands of Lybia's ſhore.
Ile 'mongſt inhoſpitable Brittons goe,
The horſe-bloud-quaffing Concan I will know:
Ile to the quiver-bearing *Gelons* hie,
And over Scythian Tanais, fearleſſe, flie.
You in Pierian Cave doe entertaine
Magnifique *Cæſar*, glad to end the paine
Of toyleſome armes, ſo ſoone as weary hands
He, to a winter ſtation commands.
You mild advice affoord, and much rejoyce,
(Mild as you are) when it becomes our choyce.

Titanas, immanémque turmam
Fulmine sustulerit caduco,
Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat
Ventosum, & urbes, regnáque tristia,
Divósque mortalésque turbas
Imperio regit unus æquo.
Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi,
Fidens, juventus horrida, brachiis,
Fratrésque tendentes opaco
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.
Sed quid Typhœus, & validus Mimas,
Aut quid minaci Porphyrion statu,
Quid Rhœtus, evulsísque truncis
Enceladus jaculator audax,
Contra sonantem Palladis ægida
Possent ruentes? hinc avidus stetit
Vulcanus, hinc matrona Juno, &
Nunquam humeris positurus arcum,
Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta, natalemque sylvam
Delius & Patareus Apollo.
"VIS consili expers mole ruit sua,
"Vim temperatam dii quoque provehunt
In majus: idem odere vires
Omne nefas animo moventes.
Testis mearum centimanus Gyges
Sententiarum notus, & integræ
Tentator Orion Dianæ,
Virginea domitus sagitta.
Injecta monstris terra dolet suis:
Mœrétque partus fulmine luridum
Missos ad orcum: nec peredit
Impositam celer ignis Ætnam:
Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur
Reliquit ales, nequitiæ additus

We know the Gyants, and their monſtrous crew,
He, with impetuous thunder overthrew,
Who the dull Earth, and tempeſt-toſſed Seas,
Skies, and Hell's ſad Kingdomes doth appeaſe,
And with the equall power of a juſt Law,
Doth Gods above, inferior Mortals aw.
The horrid monſters truſting proper might,
Did *Jupiter* himſelfe with feare affright;
They all conſpiring with rebellious will,
To fix darke *Pelion* on Olympus hill.
But what could vaſt *Typhæus*, *Mimas* ſtout,
What proud *Porphyrion* with all his ſtrout,
What *Rhætus*, what *Enceladus* great heart,
Able torne trunks of mightieſt Trees to dart,
Againſt the force of *Pallas* glitt'ring ſhield?
Here greedy *Vulcan* preſent help did yeeld:
There ſtaid Majeſtique *Juno*, and in ſight
Ever with Bow, and Quiver ready dight
The God of Patara, and Delos ſtood,
Who with pure waters of Caſtalian Flood
Bedewes diſhevell'd haire, walks Lycian groves,
And thorow the woods that bred him, gently roves.
"Strength, voyd of Coũſell ſinks with proper weight:
"The Gods raiſe temp'rate force to greater height,
"And hate with juſt diſpleaſure ſuch as ſtrive,
"In cankred hearts, black miſcheife to contrive.
Witneſſe of theſe aſſertions with me
The hundred-handed well knowne *Gyges* be,
And thou who tempted'ſt *Diana* free from ſtaine
(*Orion*) with a virgin-arrow ſlaine.
Earth with her monſters buffeted doth grone,
And grieves her children are with thunder throwne
Downe to deepe Hell, nor hath Fire's waſtfull power
Beene able pond'rous Ætna to devoure.
Nor doth the Vultur (ſinnes ſtrict Jaylour made)
Ceaſe *Tityus* luſtfull liver to invade;

Cuſtos : amatorem trecentæ
Perithoüm cohibent catenæ.

Ode V.

Divi Auguſti laudes, Craſſi vituperium, Reguli conſtantia, & ad Pœnos reditus.

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare : præſens divus habebitur
Auguſtus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio, gravibuſque Perſis.
Miléſne Craſſi, conjuge Barbara
Turpis maritus vixit? & hoſtium
(Pró Curia, inverſique mores)
Conſenuit, ſocerorum in armis,
Sub rege Medo, Marſus, & Appulus,
Anciliorum, nominis & togæ
Oblitus, æternæque Veſtæ,
Incolumi Jove, & urbe Roma?
Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli,
Diſſentientis conditionibus
Fœdis, & exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum:
Si non periret immiſerabilis
Captiva pubes. Signa ego Punicis
Affixa delubris, & arma
Militibus ſine cæde (dixit)
Derepta vidi : vidi ego civium
Retorta tergo brachia libero,
Portáſque non clauſas, & arva
Marte coli populata noſtro.
Auro repenſus ſcilicet acrior
Miles redibit, Flagitio additis
Damnum : neque amiſſos colores
Lana refert medicata fuco :

Ad

And many hundred ſtraighteſt fetters, tie
Pyrithous, who lov'd immodeſtly.

ODE. V.

The prayſes of Auguſtus, *diſprayſe of* Craſſus, *conſtancy of* Regulus, *and his returne to the Carthaginians.*

WE thunder'ing *Jove* beleeve in heav'n to raigne,
And as a God on Earth will entertaine
Auguſtus, who to Empire unconfin'd
The Brittons, and fierce Perſians hath adjoyn'd.
Hath *Craſſus* ſouldier with a Barbarous wife,
Liv'd husband, ſubject to a ſlaviſh life?
(Oh Senate, Shamefull manners) midd'ſt his foes.
(Her Kinred) *Appulus*, and *Marſus* growes
Decrepit, and to Media's King doth yeeld,
Forgetfull of his Honour, Robe, and Shield;
Yea Veſta's living Fire, while *Jove* yet raignes,
And Rome in Former ſafety ſtill remaines.
'Gainſt this with care did *Regulus* provide,
Whoſe manly heart conditions baſe deny'de,
And ſuch example, which in time to come
Might draw deſtruction on the ſtate of Rome,
Should not the Captive Troupes unpitty'd dy.
" I Enſignes did in Punique Phanes deſcry,
" And weapons ſaw (ſaid he) from ſouldiers ta'ne
" Without a ſtroke: Armes writhed back againe
" Behind free Citizens; Gates opened wide,
" And thoſe fields till'd, our wars had earſt deſtroy'd.
" Freſh ſtrength (perhap's) the ſouldier will enflame
" Redeem'd with Gold: Fie, loſſe you adde to ſhame!
" The whiteſt wooll if once it ſuffer ſtaine;
" Loſt native Candor never gets againe;
" Nor reall vertue, when it loſeth force,
" Deſires to be reſtor'd by men growne worſe.

REG-

NEC vera virtus, quum ſemel excidit,
Curat reponi deterioribus.
Si pugnat extricata denſis
Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,
Qui perfidis ſe credidit hoſtibus?
Et Marte Pœnos proteret altero,
Qui lora reſtrictis lacertis
Senſit iners, timuitque mortem?
Hic unde vitam ſumeret inſcius,
Pacem duello miſcuit. ô pudor,
O magna Carthago probroſis
Altior Italiæ ruinis.
Fertur pudicæ conjugis oſculum,
Parvóſque natos, ut capitis minor
A ſe removiſſe, & virilem
Torvus humi poſuiſſe vultum:
Donec labantes conſilio patres
Firmaret autor nunquam alias dato,
Interque mœrentes amicos
Egregius properaret exul.
Atqui ſciebat quæ ſibi barbarus
Tortor pararet. Non aliter tamen
Dimovit obſtantes propinquos,
Et populum reditus morantem,
Quàm ſi clientum longa negotia
Dijudicata lite relinqueret,
Tendens Venafranos in agros,
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

Ode VI.

Ad Romanos.

De moribus ſui ſæculi corruptis.

DElicta majorum immeritus lues
Romane: donec templa refeceris

" If (happily) the Hind from ſnare ſet free,
" The Hunter wound; becommeth valiant hee
" Who yeelds himſelfe to faithleſſe Enemies?
" Or winnes he Carthage with new victories,
" Who coward-like felt heavy chaines to tye
" His galled armes, and was affraid to dye?
" He Ignorant from whence he life ſhould take,
" Twixt peace, and war did baſe commixtion make.
" (O ſhame) (great Carthage) whoſe high Titles riſe,
" From our Heſperian ſcorned miſeries.
They ſay he did his wife, and ſonnes deny
Their fare-well kiſſe, as if Captivity
Had made him leſſe, nor his firme Countenance
Did ſternly looking downe from Earth advance,
Till mover he of Councell never knowne,
Had fram'd the Senate's ſentence to his owne.
And as a noble Exile crown'd with worth,
'Mongſt Teares of wailing friends did haſten forth;
And though he knew that Torments were deſign'd,
By cruell Torturers to bloud inclin'd;
Yet he ſoft melting friends dimiſs'd away,
And thoſe, who did his prompt returne delay,
As if he left a Clyents tedious cauſe,
When Sentence were pronounced by the lawes,
And gladly to Venafrum did repaire,
Or ſweet Tarentum fields to take the Ayre.

ODE VI.

To the Romans.

Of the corrupt manners of that Age.

ROman, reſolve, thou ſhalt deſertleſſe taſt,
Sinne's ſcourge, for vice of Predeceſſor paſt,

Ædeſque

Ædésque labentes deorum, &
Fœda nigro simulachra fumo.
Diis te minorem quòd geris, imperas.
Hinc omne principiũ, huc refer exitum.
Dii multa neglecti dederunt
Hesperiæ mala luctuosæ.
Jam bis Monæses, & Pacori manus
Non auspicatos contudit impetus
Nostros: & adjecisse prædam
Torquibus exiguis renidet.
Penè occupatam seditionibus
Delevit urbem Dacus & Æthiops:
Hic classe formidatus, ille
Missilibus melior sagittis.
Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
Primùm inquinavere, & genus, & domos.
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.
Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, & fingitur artibus
Jam nunc: & incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.
Mox juniores quærit adulteros
Inter mariti vina: neque eligit
Cui donet impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis:
Sed jussa coram non sine conscio
Surgit marito: seu vocat institor,
Seu navis Hispanæ magister
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.
Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico:
Pyrrhumque & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum. Hannibalemque dirum:
Sed rusticorum mascula militum
Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus

Vntill thou doſt againe repaire
Decaied Temples, and make faire
The falling houſes of the Gods diſgrac'd,
And cleanſe their Images, with ſmoke defac'd.
To thinke thee leſſe than Gods, thy power commends;
Hence take beginnings, hither aime thy Ends.
The Gods neglected, many woes
On Italy diſtreſſed, throwes.
Twice *Paccrus*, and twice *Moneſes* hand,
Our inauſpicious armed troupes disband:
Who with a plenteous prey made glad,
To little chaines more linkes doe add.
The Dacian and the Æthiop fierce in warres,
Hath almoſt raz'd the City, rent with jarres:
One with his Navy formidable,
With Darts the other better able.
This age in vice abounding, firſt begins
Chaſt ſtocks, and Nuptials to pollute with ſinnes;
The woes which from this fountaine flow,
People, and Countrey overthrow.
The Maid for Marriage ripe, much joyes to learne
Ionick Dances, and can well diſcerne
With Art to faine, and quickly prove,
The pleaſures of unlawfull love.
Straight, made a wife in midd'ſt of Husband's Cups
Shee with young Gallants, and Adult'rers ſups;
Nor cares to whom ſhe yeelds by ſtealth,
(When lights are out) loves lawleſſe wealth.
But ask'd doth riſe (her knowing Husband by)
To proſtitute her marriage-modeſty;
At Factors call, or Pilots hire,
Of luſtfull ſhame, a coſtly buyer.
That youth came not from ſuch Fore-fathers ſtraine,
Who did the Sea with Punick bloud diſtaine:
Not by ſuch hands did *Pirrhus* fall,
Antiochus, nor *Hannibal*.

Verſave

Versare glebas, & severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes: sol ubi montium
Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret
Bobus fatigatis, amicum
Tempus agens abeunte curru.
Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas parentum pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

Ode VII.

Ad Asterien.

Consolatur eam de viri sui absentia mœstam, monétque ut fidem conjugalem ei datam servet.

Quid fles Asterie quem tibi candidi
Primo restituent vere Favonii,
Thyna merce beatum
Constanti juvenem fide
Gygen? ille Notis actus ad Oricum,
Post insana Capræ sydera, frigidas
Noctes non sine multis
Insomnis lachrymis agit.
Atqui sollicitæ nuntius hospitæ,
Suspirare Chloën, & miseram tuis
Dicens ignibus uri,
Tentat millevafer modis.
Ut Prætum mulier perfida creduluæ
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis

But in thoſe dayes a brave, and manly Race
Of Ruſtick Souldiers lived in this place,
Well skill'd in Plough, and Sabine ſpade,
And ſo to ſtrict obedience made,
That if ſharpe mothers bade, at their returne
They on their ſhoulders brought logs hew'd to burn,
When *Phebus* changed had the mountaine's ſhade,
And weary unyoak'd Oxen homeward made,
And that night gave their Toyle, diſpenſe,
Chaſing the Sunne's bright Chariot hence.
" What waſteth not with Time's devouring Rage?
" Our Fathers life, much worſe than Grādſires age,
" Sees us more wicked, to produce
" An off-ſpring fuller of abuſe.

Ode VII.

To Asterie.

He comforteth her, who was ſad for the abſence of her husband, & adviſeth her to preſerve conjugall loyalty.

For conſtant *Giges*, why doſt thou complaine
(*Aſterie*) whom ſoft winds will bring againe
Fraught with Bythinian merchandize,
When the firſt beauties of the ſpring ariſe?
He driv'n to Oricus by Southern-ſtorme,
Whilſt the Goat's furious ſigne doth Seas alarme,
Waſt's ſolitary nights alone,
Turmoil'd (Alas) with frequent mone.
Meane while the meſſenger of buſie Love,
Tries many wily wayes how him to move,
Saying *Chloe* ſighes with hearts deſire,
And burneth with thy proper fire.
He telleth how a treach'rous woman brought,
The credulous Pretus (by faign'd treaſon wrought)

Caſto

Caſto Bellerophonti
Maturare necem, refert.
Narrat pænè datum Pelea Tartaro,
Magneſsâ Hippolyten dum fugit abſtinens:
Et peccare docentes
Fallax hiſtoriæ monet
Fruſtra. Nam ſcopulis ſurdior Icari,
Voces audit adhuc integer: at tibi
Ne vicinus Enipeus
Plus juſto placeat, cave:
Quamvis non alius flectere equum ſciens
Æquè conſpicitur gramine Martio:
Nec quiſquam citus æquè
Tuſco denatat alveo.
Prima nocte domum claude, neque in vias
Sub cantu querulæ deſpice tibiæ,
Et teſæpè vocanti
Duram, difficilis mane.

Ode IX.

Ad Lydiam.

Dialogus eſt de præteritis amoribus, eiſdemque renovandis.

HOR. *Donec gratus eram tibi,*
Nec quiſquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat:
Perſarum vigui, rege beatior.
LYD. *Donec non aliâ magis*
Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia poſt Chloen:

Into

Into unrip'ned death to caſt
Bellerophon the purely chaſt.
He ſhewes how *Peleus*, Hell approached nigh,
While hee (unſtain'd) *Hippolite* doth fly,
And witty ſtories bringeth in
That teach the ready way to ſin;
In vaine: For he more deafe than hardeſt rocks,
Unmov'd at all, his eare from paſſion locks.
But take good heed, leſt more than fit,
Thou, love of *Enipeus* admit.
Though well in Martian field we underſtand,
His horſe nore manageth with more command;
Or any dares, who beſt can ſwim
In Tuſcan ſtreame, compare with him.
Shut in, thy doores, when firſt it groweth darke,
Nor from thy window to ſhrill Muſick harke:
And ſtill be of obdurate mind,
To him, who ſayes thou art unkind.

Ode IX.

To Lydia.

A Dialogue of his paſſed loves, and renewing of them againe.

This Ode, *though leſſe morall than the reſt, I have admitted for* Julius Scaliger's *ſake, who much admireth it.*

HOR. WHil'ſt I was pleaſing in thine Eye,
Nor any to thy heart more nigh,
Claſp'd that white neck in amorous Ring,
More bleſs'd I liv'd, than Perſia's King.
LYD. Whil'ſt you no other Fire embrac'd,
Nor *Chloë* before *Lydia* plac'd.

Multi

Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.
HOR. *Me nunc Threſſa Chloë regit,*
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ ſciens:
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcant animæ fata ſuperſtiti.
LYD. *Me torret face mutua*
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcant puero fata ſuperſtiti.
HOR. *Quid, ſi priſca redit Venus,*
Diductoſque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?
LYD. *Quamquam ſydere pulchrior*
Ille eſt, tu levior cortice, & improbo
Iracundior Adria:
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

ODE XI.

Ad MERCURIUM.

Mercurium rogat, ut cantus ſibi dictet, quibus animum Lydes flectat in ejus amorem, propoſitâ Danaidum fabulâ.

MErcuri (nam te docilis Magiſtro
Movit Amphion lapides canendo)
Tuque teſtudo, reſonare ſeptem
Callida nervis:

(Nec loquax olim, neque grata, nunc &
Divitum menſis & amica templis)
Dic modos, Lyde quibus obſtinatas
Applicet aures,

I *Lydia* then with honour sign'd,
More than the Roman *Illia* shin'd.
HOR. Now *Thracian Chloë* I obay,
Skillfull, and prompt in Musick's lay:
For whom I will not feare to dy,
So Fate to her the same deny.
LYD. Calais, Ornithus sonne doth fire,
My heart with flames of like desire:
For whom I twice to dye will dare,
So Fates, the youth surviving spare.
HOR. But what if ancient Love returne,
And us with mutuall passion burne:
If I shake off bright *Cloe's* hope,
And doores to scorned *Lydia* ope?
LYD. Though he be brighter than a star,
And lighter thou than Corke by far;
More angry than rough *Adria*; I,
With thee would live, with thee would dy.

Ode XI.

To Mercury.

He entreateth Mercury, *to furnish him with Musicall notes, wherewith he may dispose* Lydes *heart to love, Telling the Tale of the Danaïdes.*

MErcury: (For taught by thy Song
Amphion drew the stones along)
And thou (O lute) which now affords
Sweet aiery strains on seav'n-fold cords:

Erst silent, and by all refus'd,
But now in Feasts, and Temples us'd,
Notes dictate, which th'obdurate eare
Of *Lyde*, may attentive heare.

Que-

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim: metuítque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, & adhuc protervo
Cruda marito.

Tu potes Tigres, comitésque silvas
Ducere, & rivos celeres morari.
Cessit immanis tibi blandienti
Janitor aulæ

Cerberus: quamvis furiale centum
Muniant angues caput ejus, atque
Spiritus teter, saniésque manet
Ore trilingui.

Quin & Ixion Tityósque vultu
Risit invito: stetit urna paulum
Sicca, dum grato Danai puellas
Carmine mulces.

Audiat Lyde scelus, atque notas
Virginum pœnas, & inane lymphæ
Dolium fundo pereuntis imo:
Seráque fata,

Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco
Impiæ: Nam quid potuére majus?
Impiæ sponsos potuere duro
Perdere ferro.

Una de multis face nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendidè mendax, & in omne virgo
Nobilis ævum.

Surge, (quæ dixit juveni marito,)
Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde,

Who, as a Colt in open playnes
Wantonly skips, nor entertaines
The touch of man, or Marriage-aw,
As yet for ſportive Husband raw.

Thou Tygers canſt tame with thy lay,
Make woods to wait, ſwift Rivers ſtay:
To thy ſoft notes in tunefull verſe
Loud *Cerberus* (Hell's Porter fierce)

Submits, although his direfull head
With hundred Snake's encompaſſed,
And noyſome breath with bloudy drops
Flow from his Triple-tongued chaps.

Nay *Tytius*, and *Ixion* ſmile
Againſt their wils; whilſt you beguile
Danaus daughters with ſoft Rime,
Their Tubs ſtand empty for a time.

Let *Lyde* heare the wicked ſtaine
And Virgins moſt deſerved paine:
Their urne unfilled, labour croſt,
And water in the bottome loſt.

And puniſhment enſuing tell,
Which waits on ugly ſinne in Hell.
Oh wicked ones! what greater ill?
(Caytiffes!) They durſt their Husbands kill.

One, 'mongſt the reſt, worthy the ſtile
Of married wife, did well beguile
Her perjur'd Father, and ſhall be
Famous to all Poſteritie.

Who to her husband ſayd, Ariſe,
And left a long ſleep ſhut thy eyes,

Non times, detur: socerum, & scelestas
Falle sorores.

Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos leænæ,
Singulos (eheu) lacerant. Ego illis
Mollior, nec te feriam, nec intra
Claustra tenebo.

Me pater sævis oneret catenis,
Quòd viro clemens misero peperci:
Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros
Classe releget.

I, pedes quò te rapiunt & auræ:
Dum favet nox & Venus: i secundo
Omine: & nostri memorem sepulchro
Scalpe querelam.

Ode XIV.

Ad populum Romanum.

Hæc Ode laudes continet Augusti ex Hispania devictis Cantabris revertentis.

Herculis ritu modò dictus, ô plebs,
Morte venalem petiisse laurum,
Cæsar, Hispana repetit penates
Victor ab ora.

Unico gaudens mulier marito,
Prodeat, justis operata divis:
Et soror clari ducis, & decoræ
Supplice vitta

Of

Of which thou doſt no feare conceive,
Siſters, and wicked Sire deceive.

Who are as Lyoneſſes bent,
Piece-meale ſurpriſed calves to rent;
But I much better rectifi'de,
Will thee nor kill, nor cloſely hide.

For me my Father chaines prepare,
'Cauſe I a forlorne Husband ſpare:
Let him to rough Seas me convay,
In farre Numidian fields to ſtray.

Go thou where Speed, & winds permit,
Whilſt Night, and *Venus* favour it:
Goe proſp'rouſly, and be thy Doome,
To write this Story on my Tombe.

ODE XIV.

To the Roman people.

This Ode *containeth the prayſes of* Auguſtus *returning out of Spaine, after his Conqueſt over the Cantabrians.*

GReat *Cæſar* who is ſaid to goe,
Like *Hercules* againſt his foe
To purchaſe Bayes by death, againe
Victorious is return'd from Spaine.

The wife that's with one husband pleas'd,
Let her come forth, the Gods appeas'd.
Octavia, Cæſar's Siſter, Haſte,
And mothers with your daughters chaſte.

Virginum matres, juvenúmque nuper
Sospitum. Vos ô pueri, & puellæ
Jam virum expertæ, malè ominatis
Parcite verbis.

Hic dies verè mihi festus atras
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæsare terras.

I, pete unguentum puer, & coronas
Et cadum Marsi memorem duelli:
Spartacum si qua potuit vagantem
Fallere testa:

Dic & argutæ properet Neæræ
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem:
Si per invisum mora janitorem
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus
Litium & rixæ cupidos protervæ.
Non ego hoc ferrem, calidus juventâ,
Consule Planco.

Ode XVI.

Ad Mæcenatem.

Auro omnia patent, Horatius verò contentus est suâ sorte unde beatus existit.

Inclusam Danaën turris ahenea,
Robustique fores, & vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ, munierent satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris:

Attir'd

Attir'd in modeſt veile, appeare,
And ſonnes returned ſafe draw neere:
You Boyes, and you now married train
Of wifes from evill words abſtain.

From me this new made Holy day
Black ſullen cares ſhall take away:
Nor feare I in great *Cæſar's* raigne
By force or tumult to be ſlaine.

(Boy) crownes, and unguents now prepare,
And veſſell kept, ſince Marſian warre,
If any ſuch conceal'd hath beene
By wandring *Spartacus* not ſeene.

Let hither ſhrill *Neæra* hie,
And haire perfum'd in treſſes tie:
But if the Porter make delay
With churliſh anſwer; Haſt away.

White hoary haires temper the mind,
To braules, and quarels earſt inclin'd:
This in youth's heat I could not brooke,
When *Plancus* charge of Conſull tooke.

Ode XVI.

To Mæcenas.

All things ly open to Gold, but Horace *is content with his owne Fortune, whereby he is made happy.*

DOores ſtrongly barr'd, and Brazen Tower,
With careful Guard of waking dogs had power
From night-Adulterers to have ſecur'd,
Faire *Danæ* in ſtony wals immur'd,

Si non Acrisium, virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum, Jupiter & Venus
Risissent. Fore enim tutum iter & patens,
Converso in pretium Deo.
Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris
Argivi domus, ob lucrum
Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, & subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.
"Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorúmque fames. Jure perhorrui
Latè conspicuum tollere verticem,
Mæcenas, equitum decus.
"Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A diis plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto: & transfuga, divitum
Partes linquere gestio:
Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,
Quàm si, quicquid arat non piger Appulus
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,
Magnas inter opes inops.
Puræ rivus aquæ, silvâque jugerum
Paucorum, & segetis certa fides meæ,
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ
Fallit sorte beatior.
Quamquã nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis:
Importuna tamen pauperies abest:
Nec si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
Contracto melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam:

Had

Had not ſlie *Jove*, and *Venus* both, betray'd
Acriſius, fearefull keeper of the Maid:
For they the way knew ſafe, open the Hold,
Were but the God once turned into Gold. (foes,
More ſtrong than Thunder, Gold, through armed
Through guarded Towr's of ſtone, and Bulwarkes,
The Argive Augure's houſe, with all his ſtate, (goes.
Deſire of Gaine did wholy ruinate.
With gifts the *Macedonian* did ſubdue
Strong City gates, and proud Kings overthrew.
Sea-men are ſnar'd with gifts, and golden ſtore:
" Care growing wealth purſues with thirſt of more.
Then (deare *Mæcenas*) well may I deteſt
To vant my ſelfe with high erected creſt.
" How much the more man doth himſelfe deny,
" So much the more the Gods will him ſupply.
I, poore in ſtate, ſeeke thoſe that nought deſire,
And, flying, farre from rich mens Tents retire,
And better live, Lord of a ſlender ſtore,
Than, were I ſaid to hoard upon my floare,
What the *Apulian* painfully hath till'd,
And in great wealth be poore, and never fill'd.
My ſtreame of waters pure, my little Cops;
My certaine hope of happy fruitfull Crops,
He underſtands not, as a better chance,
Who Empire in rich Affrick doth advance.
Though me, Calabrian Bees no honey give,
Nor wines in Læſtrigonian Veſſels, live (knowes,
Till Age make good the Taſt: Though no man
That my rich fleece in fertile Gallia growes:
Yet from me craving Poverty doth fly,
Nor ſhould I aske you more, would you deny.
I, better will with limited deſire,
Pay *Cæſar* little Tributes, than aſpire
By greatneſſe, to unite the Phrygian plaine,
To *Alliat's* ample ſtate, and Princely raigne.

Quàm si Mygdoniis regnum Aliattici
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus
Desunt multa. Benè est, cui Deus obtulit
Parca, quod satis est, manu.

Ode XVIII.

Ad Faunum.

Deum sylvestrem, infernum, & pestilentem precatur, ut per suos transiens agros sibi suisque sit propitius.

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator
Per meos fines & aprica rura
Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis
Æquus alumnis:

Si tener pleno cadit hœdus anno,
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
Vina crateræ: vetus ara multo
Fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo
Quum tibi nonæ redeunt Decembres:
Festus in pratis vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus:

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos:
Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes:
Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
Ter pede terram.

Who

"Who much deſire, want much: He richly lives
"T'whom God, with ſparing Hand (ſufficient) gives.

Ode XVIII.

To Faunus.

Who being an infernall peſtilent wood-God, hee prayeth that paſſing thorow his fields he would bee favorable to him, and his.

* Faunus, who after Nymphs doſt range,
Thorough my præcincts, & fruitfull Graunge
Paſſe gently, and propitious be
To flocks, and me.

A tender Kid the yeare ſhall end;
Full Cups of Liquor (*Venus* friend)
Wel' pay; Fumes ſhall on Altars fly
In odours, high.

Beaſts, when December's Nones appeare
In grazy grounds make ſportive cheere:
The jocund Clowne in Meads doth feaſt;
The Oxe doth reſt.

The Wolfe 'mongſt feareleſſe lambs doth ſtray:
Woods ſtrew thee leafes upon this Day:
The Ditcher joyes with meaſur'd mirth
To tread the Earth.

Ode XXIII.

Ad Phidilen.

Dii puris manibus & conscientia vitæ benè actæ sunt colendi.

Cælo supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Luna, rustica Phidile,
Si thure placâris, & horna
Fruge Lares, avidâque porca:
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fœcunda vitis, nec sterilem seges
Rubiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.
Nam quæ nivali pascitur Algido
Devota, quercus inter & ilices:
Aut crescit Albanis in herbis
Victima, pontificum secures
Cervice tinget. Te nihil attinet
Tentare multa cæde bidentium,
Parvos coronantem marino...
Rore Deos, fragilique myrto.
Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
Mollibit aversos Penates,
Farre pio, & saliente mica.

Ode XXIII.

To Phidile.

The Gods are to be honoured with pure hands, and the testimony of a well spent Age.

If (rurall *Phidile*) at the Moone's arise
To Heav'n thou lift thy hands in humble wise?
If thou with sacrifice thy Lars wilt please,
Or with new fruit, and greedy swine appease,
Thy fertile Vinyard shall not suffer blast
From pest'lent South, nor parching dew be cast
Upon thy Corne, nor shall thy children deare,
Feele sickly fits in Autumne of the yeare.
It is the long vow'd victime, which is fed
'Mongst Holmes, and Okes on snowy Algid's head,
Or which in fat Albanian Pastures grew,
That shall the Priest's sharp Ax with bloud embrew.
To thee, who petty Gods dost magnify,
With Myrtle branch, and strig of Rosemary,
It nothing appertaines their feasts to keepe
With frequent slaughter of the fatt'st sheepe.
If thy hand, free from ill the Altar touch
Thou shalt th'offended Gods appease as much
With gift of sparkling Salt, and pious meale,
As if thou vows with costly victimes seale.

Ode

Ode XXIV.

In divites Avaros.

Intactis opulentior
Thesauris Arabũ, & divitis Indiæ,
Cæmentis licet occupes
Tyrrhenum omne tuis, & mare Ponticũ:
Si figit admantinos
Summis verticibus dira necessitas
Clavos: non animum metu,
Non mortis laqueis expedies caput.
Campestres melius Scythæ,
(Quorum plaustra vagas vitè trahunt domos)
Vivunt, & rigidi Getæ,
Immetata quibus jugera liberat
Fruges & Cererem ferunt:
Nec cultura placet longior annuâ:
Defunctúmque laboribus
Æquali recreat sorte vicarius.
Illic matre carentibus
Privignis mulier temperat innocens:
Nec dotata regit virum
Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero:
Dos est magna, parentium
Virtus, & metuens alterius viri
Certo fœdere castitas:
Et peccare nefas, aut pretium est mori.
O quisquis voluit impias
Cædes, & rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quærit, pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam,
Clarus posigenitis; quatenus (heu nefas)

ODE XXIV.

Againſt Coveteous rich men.

ADmit thou richer wert by farre (are;
Than th'Arabs untouch'd Mines, or Indies
Say, with deepe piles thou land maiſt gaine
From the Tyrrhenian, and large Pontique maine:
Since Fate 'gainſt greateſt men prevayles,
Transfixing them with Adamantine nayles,
Thy mind with feares perplex'd muſt be,
Nor canſt thou from death's ſnares thy life ſet free.
The Savage Scythians better live,
Who in their Carts, unconſtant dwellings drive,
And rigid Getes, whoſe common ground
Doth in full ſtore of Corne, and fruit abound,
And love their tillage to extend,
No farther than the yearely ſeaſon's end:
So as whilſt one man weary lyes,
The next ſucceeds, and with like paine ſupplies.
There ſtepdames rule in peacefull aw,
And mix no poyſon for their ſonnes in law.
Nor wife, though rich, her husband ſwayes,
Or to Adultr'ers ſpruce her ſelfe betrayes.
"A vertuous Patent ever gives
"A plenteous Portion with his child, who lives
"Conſtant to one, and other flyes,
"Fearefull of ſinnes, for whilſt the guilty dies.
Oh, who deſires to take away
All impious ſlaughters, and each civill fray:
If he the Citie's Father, care,
On ſtatutes to be ſtil'd. Ah! let him dare
(So ſhall he future glory gaine)
Looſe liberty with bridle to reſtraine.

Virtutem

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.
Quid triſtes querimoniæ,
Si non ſupplicio culpa reciditur?
Quid leges ſine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt? ſi neque fervidis
Pars incluſa caloribus
Mundi, nec Boreæ finitimum latus,
Duratæque ſolo nives
Mercatorem abigunt? horrida callidi
Vincunt æquora navitæ?
Magnum pauperies opprobium jubet
Quidvis, & facere, & pati,
Virtutiſque viam deſerit arduæ.
Vel nos in Capitolium,
Quò clamor vocat, & turba faventium:
Vel nos in mare proximum
Gemmas, & lapides, aurum & inutile,
Summi materiam mali,
Mittamus. Scelerum ſi bene pœnitet:
Eradenda Cupidinis
Pravi ſunt elementa: & teneræ nimis
Mentes aſperioribus
Formandæ ſtudiis, neſcit equo rudis
Hærere ingenuus puer,
Venarique timet, ludere doctior,
Seu Græco jubeas trochо,
Seu malis vetita legibus alea.
Cum perjura patris fides
Conſortem ſocium fallat, & hoſpitem,
Indignóque pecuniam
Hæredi properet: ſcilicet improbæ
Creſcunt divitiæ, tamen
Curtæ neſcio quid ſemper abeſt rei.

For, vertue (preſent) we deſpiſe,
And much admire it taken from our eyes.
What need Complaints be ſadly ſpent,
If vice be not cut off with puniſhment?
What profit lawes in vaine compos'd
Without good lives; If neither climes expos'd
To parched heats, nor Northern ſtarre,
Nor ſnow hard cruſted, can the merchant ſcarre?
Skill'd mariners, th'rough rough Seas fly.
The greateſt imputation (Poverty)
Bids us doe *That*, or ſuffer *This*,
Yet doth the painfull way of vertue miſſe.
Then goe we to the Capitall,
Where vulgar voice, and troups, of friends doe call:
Or let us in next Sea be bold,
Our gems, and pretious ſtones, with fruitleſſe gold,
The roots of many il's to caſt.
If thou wilt fully ſinnes repentance taſt,
Let this firſt ſcope thy thoughts inſpire
To raze the Elements of foule deſire:
And in minds tender, apt to ill,
Seeke thou the ſharpeſt ſtudies to inſtill.
Youth nobly borne, as yet untri'de,
Feares hunting Sport, and ſpeedy Horſe to ride:
Farre better Skill'd Greeke Tops to ply,
Or Dice, which ancient Roman lawes deny:
Whilſt his falſe Syre, with cunning wiles,
His fellow-neighbour, and his Gueſt beguiles,
And all this, that he may prepare
Great heapes of riches, for his worthleſſe heire.
Thus, though vile riches grow: yet will
Something to our weake ſtate be wanting ſtill.

Ode XXVII.

Ad Galateam navigaturam.

Dehortatur eam præcipuè exemplo Europæ.

Impios parræ recinentis omen
Ducat, & prægnans canis, aut ab agro
Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino
Fœtáque vulpes.

Rumpat & serpens iter institutum,
Si per obliquum similis sagittæ
Terruit mannos: ego cui timebo,
Providus auspex?

Antequam stantes repetat paludes
Imbrium divina avis imminentum,
Oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
Solis ab ortu.

Sis licèt fœlix ubicunque mavis,
Et memor nostri Galatea vivas:
Téque nec lævus vetet ire picus,
Nec vaga cornix:

Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu
Pronus Orion? ego, quid sit ater
Adriæ, novi, sinus: & quid albus
Peccet Iapyx.

Hostium uxores puerique cæcos
Sentiant motus orientis Hœdi, &
Æquoris nigri fremitum, & trementes
Verbere ripas.

Ode

Ode XXVII.

To GALATEA, *ready to take ſhip.*

He diſſwadeth her, eſpecially by the example of Europa.

Let wicked men be uſher'd, by
The Iay's repeated Augury;
Let a bagg'd Bitch, Wolfe frō the plaine,
Or full womb'd Fox them onward traine.

Let twining Serpents ſtop their way
Which gliding thwart, their Horſe affray.
But for whom ſhould I fearfull bee,
That things to come can well fore-ſee?

The ſhowre-devining Crow I'le bring
By vowes, from thence where day doth ſpring,
Early, before his flight he takes
Back to the ſtanding Pooles, and Lakes.

(Deare *Galatea*) happy be,
Where e're thou art, and thinke of me;
Nor may the Wood-peck, or the Crow
Themſelves upon thy left hand ſhow.

But doe you ſee, how as he ſets
Orion ſhakes? What Adria threats
When his black billowes ſwell, I know,
And what a bright Weſt doth fore-ſhow.

Let our foe's wives, and Brats lament,
The ſtorme-begetting Kid's aſſent;
The Surges noiſe, when moſt they rore,
Or thund'ring waves, that ſhake the ſhore.

Sic & Europe niveum doloſo
Credidit tauro latus, & ſcatentem
Belluis Pontum, mediáſque fraudes
Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis ſtudioſa florum, &
Debitæ Nymphis opifex coronæ
Nocte ſublustri, nihil aſtra præter,
Vidit & undas.

Quæ ſimul centum tetigit potentem
Oppidis Creten: Pater ô relictum
Filiæ nomen, pietáſque dixit
Victa furore.

Unde? quò veni? levis una mors eſt
Virginum culpæ. Vigilanſne ploro
Turpe commiſſum? an vitiis carentem
Ludit imago.

Vana, quæ porta fugiens eburna
Somnium ducit? meliúſne fluctus
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes
Carpere flores?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvencum
Dedat iratæ: lacerare ferro, &
Frangere enitar modò multum amati
Cornua tauri.

Impudens liqui patrios Penates,
Impudens Orcum moror, ô Deorum
Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter errem
Nuda leones.

Antequàm turpis macies decentes
Occupet malas, teneræque ſuccus
Deſiuat prædæ, ſpecioſa quæro
Paſcere tigres.

When faire Europa thr'ough the Maine,
Trusted a Bull, which *Jove* did faigne,
She was affrighted at the rout
Of Sea-beast's, and fraud's round about.

She (late) who flow'ry meades did trace,
And promis'd-Garlands made, to grace
The Nymphes; now in a glimmering night,
Of nought, but stars, & waves hath sight.

So soone as unto Crete she came
(Father she cry'd) Alas! That name
I have forsaken: Duty's fled,
By giddy rashnesse banished.

Whence? whither am I come? Too small
Is single death, for Virgin's fall.
Doe I (awake) true Crimes bewayle?
Or doe false dreames my heart assaile?

False dreames, which passe th'Ivory Gate,
Whether was it a better state,
To crosse the Sea, or walke the field,
And crop those sweets the spring doth yeeld?

Oh! might I see the wicked steere
While anger lasts, his flesh I'de teare
With crooked hookes, or madly mov'd,
Would breake his hornes, whom (late) I lov'd.

Shamelesse, I was from home to stray,
Shamelesse, why doe I death delay:
You Gods that heare (grant) naked I
May Lyons meete, and by them dye.

Before deformed meagernesse,
My cheekes of Beauty dispossesse,
Or juyce of tender youth decay,
Let me become the Tygers prey.

Vilis Europe, pater urget abſens:
Quid mori ceſſas? potes hac ab orno
Pendulum zona bene te ſecuta
Lædere collum.

Sive te rupes & acuta letho
Saxa delectant: age, te procellæ
Crede veloci: niſi herile mavis
Carpere penſum,

Regius ſanguis: dominæque tradi
Barbaræ paellex. Aderat querenti
Perfidum ridens Venus, & remiſſo
Filius arcu.

Mox ubi luſit ſatis, Abſtineto
(Dixit) iravum calidæque rixæ,
Quum tibi inviſus laceranda reddet
Cornua taurus.

Vxor invicti Jovis eſſe neſcis?
Mitte ſingultus: bene ferre magnam
Diſce fortunam: tua ſectus orbis
Nomina ducet.

Ode XXVIII.

Ad Lyden.

Hortatur Lyden diem Neptuno ſacrum in potu & cantu hilariter tranſigere.

Feſto quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? prome reconditum

(Europa)

(*Europa*) thy neglected Sire
Commands; why doſt thou life deſire?
Come; Hang thy ſelfe upon this tree,
With girdle fitly brought by thee.

But if thou more delight'ſt to throw
Thy Limbs from rocks, thy life beſtow
On ſtormy waves; unleſſe thou minde
Thy ſelfe to ſervile taskes to binde,

And borne a Queene, a whore to ſome
Husband of barbarous Dame become.
Her, *Venus* ſmiling, heard lament,
And, Love, her ſon, with bow unbent.

But when enough with her ſh'ad plaid,
Abſtaine from mood, & Rage ſhe ſaid;
The hated Bull ſhall bring his Horne,
To thee at pleaſure to be torne.

Know'ſt thou not how to wield the ſtate
Of great *Iove's* wife? Thoſe grones abate,
And learne t'embrace thy ample Fame;
The parted world ſhall beare thy Name.

Ode XXVIII.

To Lyde.

Hee perſwadeth Lyde *to ſpend the day dedicated to* Neptune, *pleaſantly.*

ON *Neptunes* feaſts what elſe doe we?
Straight (*Lyde*) broach, and bring to mee

Lyde

Lyde ſtrenua Cæcubum :
Munitæque adhibe vim ſapientiæ.
Inclinare meridiem
Sentis : ac, veluti ſtet volucris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
Ceſſantem Bibuli conſulis amphoram.
Nos cantabimus invicem
Neptunum, & virides Nereïdum comas :
Tu curva recines lyra
Latonam, & celeris ſpicula Cynthiæ :
Summo carmine, quæ Cnidon,
Fulgentéſque tenet Cycladas, & Paphon
Junctis viſit oloribus.
Dicetur merita Nox quoque nænia.

Ode XXIX.

Ad Mæcenatem.

Invitat eum ad cœnam hilarem, publicis curis omiſſis.

Tyrrhena regum progenies, tibi
Non antè verſo lene merum cado
Cum flore, Mæcenas, roſarum, &
Preſſa tuis balanus capillis
Jamdudum apud me eſt. Eripe te moræ :
Ne ſemper udum Tibur, & Æſulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, &
Telegoni juga parricidæ.
Faſtidioſam deſere copiam, &
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis :
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum, & opes ſtrepitúmque Romæ.
Plerunque gratæ divitibus vices,
Mundæque parvo ſub Lare pauperum

Cæcubian

Of Arabian wines laid up in ſtore,
And let ſtrong wiſdome ſway no more.
Thou ſe'ſt 'tis Mid-time of the Day,
And yet, as if ſwift houres did ſtay,
A Butt thou ſpar'ſt, was Cellar-ſtall'd,
When *Bibulus* was Conſull call'd.
With mutuall ſongs wee'l *Neptune* pleaſe,
And the greene-hair'd Nereides.
On crooked Lyre ſing thou with Art,
Latona, and ſwift *Cynthia's* dart:
Whilſt our laſt ſtraine her praiſe unfolds,
Who *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* holds:
And *Paphos* with payr'd Swans doth view;
The night ſhall likewiſe have his due.

ODE XXIX.

To MÆCENAS.

Hee inviteth him to a merry Supper, laying publique cares aſide.

O H my *Mæcenas*, ſprung from royall ſtraine
Of Tyrrhen Kings; Behold, I doe retaine,
Long ſince by me reſerved to be thine
A veſſell, yet unbroach'd of milder wine:
Soft roſie flowers, for thee I will prepare,
And ſupple unguents, preſſed for thy Haire.
Then fly delayes, and doe not ſtill behold,
The hill-declining Æſula, and cold
Moyſt Tybur's Towne: nor let thy eyes abide
On cliffs of *Telegon*, the Parricide.
Goe from thy loathed ſuperfluity,
And Tow'rs to racking Cloudes confining nigh:
And leave to heare ſucceſsfull Rome rejoyce,
In ſmoaky Hopes, much wealth, and vulgar voyce.

Cœnæ

Cœnæ, ſine aulæis & oſtro
Sollicitam explicuere frontem.
Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater
Oſtendit ignem: Jam Procyon furit,
Et ſtella veſani Leonis,
Sole dies referente ſiccos.
Jam paſtor umbras cum grege languido,
Rivúmque feſſus quærit, & horridi
Dumeta Silvani: carétque
Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.
Tu, civitatem quis deceat ſtatus,
Curas: & urbi ſollicitus, times
Quid Seres & regnata Cyro
Bactra parent, Tanaíſque diſcors.
Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus:
Ridétque, ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidet. Quod adeſt, memento
Componere æquus: cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
Cum pace delabentis Etruſcum in mare, nunc lapides adeſos,
Stirpéſque raptas, & pecus, & domos
Volventis una, non ſine montium
Clamore, vicinæque ſilvæ:
Quum fera diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes. Ille potens ſui
Lætúſque degit, cui licet, in diem,
Dixiſſe, vixi: cras vel atra
Nube polum, pater, occupato,
Vel Sole puro. Non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retrò eſt, efficiet: neque
Diffinget, infectúmque reddet,
Quod fugiens ſemel hora vexit.
Fortuna ſævo læta negotio, &
Ludum inſolentem ludere pertinax,

To Great men, Changes oft times gratefull are;
And under humble roofs, neat, frugall fare,
Without rich Hangings, or gay Purple ſtate,
Doth the moſt carefull brow to mirth dilate.
Now bright *Andromedas* refulgent Sire
Shews to this under-world, his hidden Fire;
Now Procyon, and the raging Lyon ſwayes,
And *Phœbus* brings forth dry, and parched dayes.
The Shepheard t' r'd, with his faint flock doth hie,
To find coole ſhades, or trembling Current nigh,
And rough *Silvanus* thickets: while the ſhore
Becalmed ſtands, from winds tumultuous rore.
Meane time the good of Rome in mind you beare,
And for her much ſolicitous, doe feare,
What *Seres* plot, or *Bactria Cyrus's* ſtate,
Or *Tanais* wayward dweller perpetrate.
" All knowing God, with cloudy night doth cloſe
" Events of future times, and laughs at thoſe
" Who beyond reaſon feare: Thy preſent ſtate,
See then with equall mind thou moderate:
All els runs on, like to a River's ſource,
Which in the middle channell of his courſe,
Now to the Tyrrhene Sea in ſilence ſtraies;
But when fierce torrents quiet Rivers raiſe,
He then in heapes rowles downe with dreadfull ſound
Stones billow-gnawn, & trees torne from the ground
With houſe, and Cattell borne along the flood,
Frighting the hils with noyſe, & neighbouring wood.
He, Maſter of himſelfe, lives merry dayes,
Who (this day) I have liv'd truly ſayes;
To morrow (*Jove*) with black clouds heav'n embrace,
Or let the Sunne ſhew forth his golden face.
Yet notwithſtanding God will not agree
That what is paſſed once, not done ſhall be:
Nor what the once ſwift-ſliding houre hath wrought,
Will hee unfaſhion'd make, or bring to nought.

Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem: si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit: & mea
Virtute me involvo, probámque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.
Non est meum, si mugiat Africis
Malus procellis, ad miseras preces
Decurrere: & votis pacisci,
Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
Addant avaro divitias mari.
Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ,
Tutum per Ægeos tumultus
Aura feret, geminúsque Pollux.

Ode XXX.

Ad Melpomenen Musam.

Horatius Lyricos versus scribendo æternam gloriam est consecutus.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique situ Pyramidum altius:
Quod non imber edax, aut Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.
Non omnis moriar: multáque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam: usque ego postera
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacita virgine pontifex.
Dicar, quà violens obstrepit Aufidus,

Fortune

Fortune in adverſe chances, ſportive ever,
And bold in ſcornfull paſtime to perſever,
Transferreth her uncertaine honours: Now
To me propitious, inſtantly to you.
I praiſe her while ſhe ſtayes; but if ſhe ſhake
Her fleete wings, I'le reſtore what I did take:
And me with mine owne vertue will inveſt,
Making thin honeſt Povertie my gueſt.
'Tis not for me in praier time to waſt,
When wracking Southern-wind hath rent the Maſt,
And bargaine with the Gods my Tyrian Goods
May not enrich the wealth devouring floods;
When I into ſuch dang'rous hazard fall,
The wind, and *Pollux* with his brother, ſhall
Convey me in a Boate with double Oare,
Safe, th'rough Ægean billowes to the ſhore.

ODE XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

Horace *hath obtained eternall glory by writing of Lyrick verſes.*

A Monument by me is brought to paſſe,
Out-living royall Pyramids, or Braſſe,
Which neither ſhall conſuming raine abate,
Nor force of Northern tempeſts ruinate:
Nor yeares (though number'leſſe:) Nor times ſwift (ſtarr.
I will not wholly die; my better part
Shall ſcape the Sullen Hearſe: Bright Fame ſhall
My memory renew'd, with future praiſe: (raiſe.
Whilſt in the Capitoll the Prieſt aſcends
With Veſtals pure, whom ſilence ſo commends.
I (though) of humble ſtraine will be declar'd,
The firſt, and ableſt too, that ever dar'd.

Et quà pauper aquæ Daunus, agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis, & mihi Delphica
Lauro cinge volens Melpomene comam.

Finis Libri tertii.

Æolian

Æolian antique measures to reduce,
To the soft numbers of a Roman Muse.
Where Aufidus with wrathfull streame doth rore,
Or Daunus poore in waters, reigneth o're
Rough Barb'rous Nations. Take to thee a Name,
Which best (*Melpomene*) may sute thy fame:
And be thou pleas'd, thy vowed Poet prayes,
To crowne my head with wreathes of Delphick bayes

The end of the third Booke.

Tolland anno 1780

HORATII

HORATII ODÆ.

Liber quartus.

ODE II.

Ad JULUM ANTONIUM, M. ANTONII *Triumviri filium.*

Antiquos Poetas imitari periculosum est.

Pindarũ quisquis studet æmulari, Iule, ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina Ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensúsque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore:

Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerísque fertur
Lege solutis:

ODES

ODES OF *Horace.*

The fourth Booke.

ODE II.

To JULUS ANTONIUS Son of M. ANTONIUS the Triumvir.

It is dangerous to imitate ancient Poets.

WHo *Pindarus*, with pen elate
(O *Julus*) ſtrives, to imitate,
Like him, who waxen wings did frame,
Shall give the glaſſe-like Sea a name.

Fiery, Immenſe, profound he flowes
As from a mountaine tumbling goes
A Torrent fed with ſhowres, flyes o're
The well knowne limits of the ſhore.

Apollo's Bayes are due to him,
Whether new words ſwolne to the brim,
He (bold) thr'ough Dythirambicks throw,
Where ev'ry word doth looſely flow;

Seu Deos, regésque canit, Deorum
Sanguinem: per quos cecidere justa
Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendæ
Flamma Chimæræ:

Sive quos Eléa domum reducit
Palma cœlestes: pugilémve equúmve
Dicit, & centum potiore signis
Munere donat:

Flebili sponsæ juvenémve raptum
Plorat: & vires, animúmque morés-
-que aureos deducit in astra, nigró-
-que invidet Orco.

Multa Dirceum levat aura cygnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus: ego, apis Matinæ
More modóque,

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

Concines majore poeta plectro
Cæsarem, quandóque trahet feroces
Per sacrum clivum, merita decorus
Fronde Sicambros:

Quo nihil majus melíusve terris
Fata donauére, bonique divi:
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeunt in aurum
Tempora priscum.

Concines lætósque dies, & urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu, forúmque
Litibus orbum.

Whether-

Whether Gods, Kings, or Gods allies
He chant, who by a juſt ſurpriſe,
The Centaures vanquiſh'd, & ſuppreſt
Chimæra's dreadfull flaming Creſt.

Or whether he thoſe Worthyes ſing,
Who home th'Olimpique palme doe bring,
Footman, or Horſe; His gift is ſuch,
No hundred ſtatues are ſo much.

The Brides deare ſpouſe (for whom ſhe cryes)
If he deplore; Above the skies
His courage he extols, and gives
Such life, that (Maugre Hell) he lives.

A gallant blaſt doth raiſe on high
The Theban Swan: (O *Anthony*)
Whilſt to the clouds he ſoares, I ſlow
Bee-like am flutt'ring here below.

Th'rough woods I fly, and labour ſore
Collecting Thyme; and on the ſhore
Of liquid Tyber, I with paine
Make verſes of a lower ſtraine.

Thou Poet-like ſhalt *Cæſar* ſing
With ſtronger lines, when he ſhall bring
(With Lawrell crownd) by'th ſacred way
Fierce Germans, forced to obay.

Greater than him, or better, none
The Fates have ſent; nor ever one
Propitious Gods ſhall give, though wee
The ancient golden-Age might ſee.

Sing thou the City's publique Playes,
Sing feſtivals, triumphants dayes,
And all the Courts, aboliſh'd Jarres
At *Cæſar's* comming from the warres.

Tum meæ (ſiquid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars: & ô ſol
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
Cæſare fœlix.

Túque dum procedis, Io triumphe,
Non ſemel dicemus, Io triumphe,
Civitas omnis: dabimúſque divis
Thura benignis.

Te decem tauri, totidémque vaccæ,
Me tener ſolvet vitulus relicta
Matre, qui largis juveneſcit herbis
In mea vota.

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum;
Quà notam duxit, niveus videri,
Cætera fulvus.

Ode III.

Ad Melpomenen.

Natus eſt Horatius ad artem Poeticam, cujus beneficio immortalem gloriam eſt conſecutus.

Quem tu Melpomene ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris:
Illum non labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem, neque res bellica Delis

My

My voyce's beſt part then I'le bring
(If worth the hearing aught I ſing)
And glad for *Cæſar's* preſence ſay,
Oh glorious, Oh renowned Day!

While thou go'ſt on, with cheerful voyce
I, and the the City will rejoyce
With words of Triumph: *Cæſar* live,
And Incenſe to the Gods wee'l give.

Ten Bulls, ten Kine thy debt ſhall pay,
A tender Calfe ſhall mine defray,
Which in rich Soyle, ta'ne frō the Cow,
Growes neare a Heyfer for my vow.

Upon whoſe head you may behold
Hornes, like the Moone at three dayes old;
With ſtarre Snow-white; though he be red,
His curled front's embelliſhed.

ODE III.

TO MELPOMENE.

Horace is borne to Poetry, by whoſe ayd he hath obtained immortall glory.

ON whom (*Melpomene*) with mild aſpect
Thou ſhalt thy favour at his birth reflect,
No Iſtmian labour ſhall on high him reare
With wraſtlers title, nor ſwift horſes beare
On Grecian Chariot drawne (for victors meed)
In pompous Triumph; nor for warlike deed,

Ornatum

Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quòd regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:
Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
Vatum ponere me choros:
Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.
O testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum Pieri temperas:
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cygni, si libeat, sonum:
Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quòd monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:
Quòd spiro, & placeo (si placeo) tuum est.

Ode IV.

Ad urbem Romam de indole Drusi, ejúsque institutione sub Augusto.

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem,
(Cui rex deorum regnum in aves vagas
Permisit, expertus fidelem
Jupiter in Ganimede flavo)
Olim juventas & patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit inscium:
Vernique, jam nimbis remotis,
Insolitos docuere nisus
Venti paventem: mox in ovilia
Demisit hostem vividus impetus:
Nunc in reluctantes dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnæ:

Crowned

Crowned with Delian Bayes ſhall he aſcend
The Capitoll, for that he durſt offend,
And breake the ſwelling threats of hoſtile Kings:
But rather thoſe ſoft falling gentle ſprings,
Wich waſh rich Tybur, and Groves thickly growne,
Shall make his worth in Lyrick verſes knowne.
Rome (Queene of Cities) doth no whit diſdaine,
Me, for the Muſes ſake to entertaine
Amongſt ſoft Quires of Poets; where I ſit,
And now am leſſe with carping Envy bit.
'Tis thou that doſt into the golden Lyre,
With ſweeteſt notes, harmonious aire inſpire:
'Tis thou who into fiſhes mute, (O Muſe)
Can'ſt the ſoft Swan's delicious ſong infuſe.
It wholly is a gift deriv'd from thee,
That with his finger each that paſſeth, me
The Roman Lyrick Harper doth deſigne:
That I doe breath, and pleaſe (if pleaſe) is thine.

ODE IV.

To the City of Rome concerning the towardlineſſe of Druſus, *as alſo his education under* Auguſtus.

HA'y'ſeene the Princely bird, that th'row the (skies
At *Iove's* command with fiery lightning flies;
Of all the winged crew ordain'd the head,
For faithfull ſervice to his *Ganimed?*
Whom youth and native vigour forth have drawne
Labours to try, which were before unknowne,
And thoſe ſoft winds, that fan the lively ſpring,
Have taught with feare, his new flight's managing.
When he rais'd with a generous Courage flies
Into the fields, his ſtrength to exerciſe:
Or 'gainſt fell Dragons, that like force doe vie,
Is train'd, by hope of food, and victory.

Qualemve

Qualémve lætis caprea paſtuis
Intenta, fulvæ matris ab ubere
Jam lacte depulſum leonem,
Dente novo peritura videt:
Videre Rhœti bella ſub Alpibus
Druſum gerentem & Vindelici: quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia ſecuri
Dextras obarmet, quærere diſtuli:
(Nec ſcire fas eſt omnia) ſed diu
Latéque victrices catervæ,
Conſilio juvenis revictæ,
Senſere, quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis ſub penetralibus
Poſſet, quid Auguſti paternus
In pueros animus Nerones.
"FORTES creantur fortibus, & bonis:
Eſt in juvencis, eſt in equis patrum
Virtus: nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.
Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam:
Rectique cultus pectora roborant,
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant benè nata culpæ.
Quid debeas ô Roma Neronibus,
Teſtis Metaurum flumen, & Aſdrubal
Devictus, & pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,
Qui primus alma riſit adorea:
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Seu flamma per tædas, vel Eurus
Per Siculas equitavit undas.
Poſt hoc ſecundis uſque laboribus
Romana pubes crevit: & impio
Vaſtata Pœnorum tumultu
Fana deos habuêre rectos:

Ha'y'ſeene a Lyon, new-wean'd from the teat
Of yeallow damme, who Goat, intent to meat,
Spying in verdant fields, reſolveth ſtraight
On him his youthfull jawes to ſatiate.
Like them was *Druſus* in the Rhetians fight,
And their Confederate-Vandals, in the fight
Wag'd neere the towr'ing Alpes. I aske not why
Like Amazons theſe Nations Axes ply,
And wield with boyſt'rous armes: nor may we know,
Nor can, the proper cauſe of each thing ſhew.
It doth ſuffice! The Conquerours long, and fasre
Defeated; yeeld to this youth's skill in warre.
They felt what wits, and forward minds could doe,
Brought up in happy Palaces there too:
And what the tender care *Auguſtus* us'd,
Into the youthfull *Nero's* had infus'd.
From valiant Fathers, valiant Sonnes doe ſpring,
As ſteeds, and Steeres their in-bred courage bring
From their begetters. Fearefull Doves are food,
Not off-ſpring of the hardy Eagle's brood.
To native force, Force diſcipline imparts,
Right education better armes our hearts:
Let Nurture want, and men though nobly bred,
Wanting their chiefeſt grace, are blemiſhed.
Metaurus dy'de with Punique gore doth ſhow,
And *Asdrubal's* defeate, what Rome doth ow
To the fore-going *Neroes*, and the day
Which Latium cheer'd, and firſt drave night away.
The day firſt grac'd with ſtile of fortunate,
Since *Hannibal* ſo ſhooke the Roman ſtate;
And paſs'd th'rough all, as flames th'rough dry piles
Or Eaſterne winds th'rough ſtraights of Sicily: (fly,
Since whcih the Roman youth to warfare bred,
In brave atchievements ſtill have flouriſhed;
And righteous Gods their Temples now enjoy,
Which Punique warres did impiouſly deſtroy.

Dixitque

Dixitque tandem perfidus Hannibal,
Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultrò, quos opimus
Fallere & effugere est triumphus.
Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, sacra,
Natósque, maturósque patres
Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes:
Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animúmque ferro.
Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem:
Monstrúmve submisere Colchi
Majus Echioniæve Thebæ.
Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit:
Luctere, multa proruet integrum
Cum laude victorem: geretque
Prælia conjugibus loquenda.
Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos; occidit, occidit
Spes omnis & fortuna nostri
Nominis, Asdrubale interempto.
Nil Claudiæ non efficient manus:
Quas & benigno numine Jupiter
Defendit, & curæ sagaces
Expediunt per acuta belli.

Tyr'd with our armes falſe *Hannibal* did ſay:
" We (Harts, ordain'd for greedy wolves a prey)
" Doe follow thoſe, whom to deceive, and fly,
" To us might be accounted victory.
" A Nation that renown'd for valour, came
" From ſack of Troy, from burned Illium's flame,
" And toſs'd on rough Hetrurian Seas, at laſt
" In Italy, Gods, Sires, and Children plac'd.
" Like ſpreading Holmes in Algidus that grow,
" Where ſhady trees their ſable branches ſhow,
" If cut by harder Ax, doe more abound,
" Receiving life, and vigor from the wound.
" Nor *Hydra* ſtrucken, more her ſtrength renew'd
" 'Gainſt *Hercules*, who ſcorn'd to be ſubdew'd:
" No greater wonder Thebes, or Colchos ſhowes,
" Where ſlaught'red monſters yeelded living foes.
" Throw him as low, as poſſible you may,
" More vigorous he riſeth: ſtrength aſſay,
" He foyles his freſh Antagoniſt; His fight,
" A ſubject is for matrons to recite.
" Carthage, no more ſhall heare my victories;
" Gone, Gone are hopes, yea poſſibilities
" Of Conqueſt: when great *Aſdrubal* was ſlaine,
" My fortune die'd; ſince then reputed vaine.
The power of *Claudius* all things can effect,
Whom mighty *Jove* doth graciouſly protect:
His weighty projects, and cares piercing farre,
Prevent all dangers of the ſharpeſt warre.

ODE

Ode V.

Ad Augustum.

Ut tandem in urbem redeat.

Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu:
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
Sancto consilio, redi.
Lucem redde tuæ dux bone patriæ,
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit, populo gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.
Ut matr juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
Dulci distinet à domo,
Votis ominibúsque & precibus vocat,
Curvo nec faciem littore dimovet:
Sic desideriis icta fidelibus,
Quærit patria Cæsarem.
Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas:
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ:
Culpari metuit fides:
Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:
Mos, & lex maculosum edomuit nefas:
Laudantur simili prole puerperæ:
Culpam pœna premit comes.
Quis Parthum paveat? quis gelidum Scythen?
Quis, Germania quas horrida parturit
Fœtus, incolumi Cæsare? quis feræ
Bellum curet Iberiæ?

ODE

Ode V.

To Augustus.

That now at length he would returne into the City.

THou, *Cæsar*, from the Gods propitious ſprong,
(Our beſt preſerver) ar't away too long.
Performe thy promiſe to the ſacred Court
Of Rome's grave Senate; Let thy ſtay be ſhort.
(Great *Cæsar*) to thy Country render light;
For like the cheerefull ſpring, the onely ſight
Of thee, brings to the people joyfull dayes,
And makes glad *Phœbus* ſhine with brighter rayes.
Like as a Mother (when the Southern-wind
Her Sonne with envious Tempeſts hath confind
Beyond the billowes of Carpathian ſtraights
More than a yeare:) His home-returne awaights
With vowes, and prayers; And the Gods implores,
Her eye not ſtirring from the crooked ſhores:
So ſtrucken with their faithfull hearts deſire,
Thy Country (*Cæsar*) doth thy ſelfe require.
Behold the Ox, ſafe, wanders up and downe;
Ceres, and bright Felicity doe crowne,
And feed the Land. Th'rough Seas by *Neptune* tam'd
The Saylers fly. Faith feareth to be blam'd.
No chaſt houſe with adultery's defil'd;
Cuſtome, and law, hath ſpotted ſinne exil'd.
For ſonnes like Sires, the Mothers we commend.
" Companion-Puniſhment doth vice attend.
Who feares the Parthian now, or Scythian bold,
Or Monſters, with rough Germany doth hold:
Yea *Cæsar* being ſafe who will regard
That fierce Iberia ſtands for Armes prepar'd?

Condit

Condit quiſque diem collibus in ſuis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores:
Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris
Te menſis adhibet Deum.
Te multa prece, te proſequitur mero
Defuſo pateris: & Laribus tuum
Miſcet numen, uti Græcia Caſtoris,
Et magni memor Herculis.
Longæ ô utinam dux bone ferias
Præſtes Heſperiæ: dicimus integro
Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
Cum ſol Oceano ſubeſt.

Ode VII.

Ad L. Manlium Torquatum.

Omnia tempore mutantur, jucundè igitur vivendum eſt.

Diffugêre nives: redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribúſque comæ.
Mutat terra vices, & decreſcentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt.
Gratia cum Nymphis geminíſque ſororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.
Immortalia ne ſperes monet annus, & almum
Quæ rapit hora diem.
Frigora miteſcunt Zephyris: ver proterit æſtas,
Interitura ſimul;
Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: & mox
Bruma recurret iners.
Damna tamen celeres reparant cœleſtia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, & Ancus,
Pulvis & umbra ſumus.

Each

Each man within his owne hils ſhuts up day,
And 'bout the widow-Elme doth vines diſplay;
Then frolike to his free carouſes fals,
And thee a God, in's ſecond Cups he cals.
With many pray'rs, he doth his vowes enflame,
And powres full goblets out unto thy Name;
Thy God-head ſeeking with his Lars to pleaſe,
As Greece their *Caſtor*, and great *Hercules*.
(Good *Cæſar*) render long repoſe we pray
To glad *Heſperia*; This we (ſober) ſay
When day firſt breakes: This moyſtned, when to reſt
The Sunne invites us, waning in the weſt.

Ode VII.

To L. Manlius Torquatus.

Since time changeth all things, let us live merrily.

NOw Snowes are quite diſſolv'd, freſh graſſe we
To fields return'd, & leaves to every tree. (ſee
Earth changeth hew; The ſwelling waters ſinke,
And with ſoft current glide within their brinke.
Aglaia, naked, dares upon the ground,
With Nymphes, and her two Siſters dance arround.
Hope not in mortall things, ſo yeares doe ſay,
So warne the houres, which circumvolve the day.
Soft weſterne-winds, on Winter mildneſſe bring,
Soone with'red Summer, weareth out the Spring,
Then mellow Autumne, powres his fruits amaine,
And inſtantly dull Winter turnes againe.
Yet ſpeedy Moones theſe heavenly harmes reſtore,
But when we hence depart, where, gone before
Rich *Tullus*, good *Æneas*, *Ancus* ſtay,
We are but duſt; and ſhadowes paſs'd away.

Quis

Quis ſcit an adjiciant hodiernæ craſtinæ ſummæ
Tempora dii ſuperi?
Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.
Quum ſemel occideris, & de te ſplendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,
Non Torquate genus, non te facundia, non te
Reſtituet pietas.
Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolitum:
Nec Lethea valet Theſeus abrumpere caro
Vincula Perithoo.

Ode VIII.

Ad Martium Censorinum.

Nihil eſt, quod homines magis immortales reddere poſſit, quàm Poetarum carmina.

Donarem pateras, grataque commodus
Cenſorine, meis æra ſodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum: neque tu peſſima munerum
Ferres: divite me ſcilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhaſius protulit, aut Scopas:
Hic ſaxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Soleis nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
Sed non hæc mihi vis: non tibi talium
Res eſt aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus: carmina poſſumus
Donare, & pretium dicere muneri.
Non inciſa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ ſpiritus & vita redit bonis
Poſti mortem ducibus: non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorſum Hannibalis minæ,

Who

Who knoweth, whether the Cœleſtiall powers,
Will adde to this day's ſumme, to morrow's howers.
Your greedy Heyre in nothing ſhall have part
Of what you (living) gave with bounteous heart:
But when you once are dead, and pow'rs divine,
To you, an equall ſentence ſhall aſſigne;
Nor bloud (*Torquatus*) then, nor fluent veine,
Nor Piety, can life reſtore againe:
For neither chaſt *Hippolitus*, was free
By *Dian* ſet, from Hell's obſcurity;
Nor for his deare *Perithoüs*, the paines
Of *Theſeus* could diſſolve Lethean chaines.

Ode VIII.

To Martius Censorinus.

There is nothing which can more immortalize men, than Poet's verſes.

I Would to friends give freely (*Cenſorine*)
Pieces of richeſt Plate, and Bowles for wine,
Three-footed Tables, (valiant Greekes reward:)
Nor from my choyceſt gifts ſhould you be barr'd,
Were I with Artfull figures furniſhed,
Which *Parrhaſe* drew, or *Scopas* pourtrayed:
In colours That, in ſtone This other bold,
A Man ſometimes, ſometimes a God to mould.
But I have not this pow'r: Nor doe ſuppoſe,
Your wealth, or wiſh, wants ſuch delights, as thoſe.
You verſes love, for verſe we make a ſhift,
And know what price to ſet on ſuch a gift:
Not Marbles, with deepe Characters engrav'd,
By which to valiant Captaines life is ſav'd,
And ſpirit after death: Not ſpeedy flight,
Nor threats of *Hannibal*, rejected quite:

Non

Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
Ejus, qui domita nomen ab Africa
Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
Laudes, quàm Calabræ Pierides: neque
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum
Virtus & favor & lingua potentium
Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
DIGNUM laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cœlo Musa beat. Sic Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:
Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis
Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates:
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

Ode XI.

Ad Lollium.

Scripta sua nunquam interibunt: virtus, sine carminum ope oblivione deletur. Lollii laudes ille cantabit, cujus virtutes etiam celebrat.

NE fortè credas interitura quæ
Longè sonantem natus ad Aufidum,
Non antè vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis.
Non, si priores Mœonius tenet,
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Cæaque & Alcæi minaces,
Stesichoríque graves camœnæ:

Not

Not flames of Carthage better ſound his praiſe,
Who did his name from conquer'd Affrick raiſe,
Then *Ennius* Muſe: Nor we receive juſt meed,
If paper tell not, what we bravely did.
What would become of *Mars*, and *Ilia's* brood
If ſpitefull ſilence, *Romulus* with-ſtood?
The ſtrength, and grace of Poets pow'rfull wit,
Makes *Æacus* in fields Elyſian ſit
Snatched from Stygian floods. "Muſes deny,
"A man deſerving praiſe ſhould ever dy.
"Muſes give Heav'n: So dantleſſe *Hercules*
In *Jove's* wiſh'd banquets doth his Palate pleaſe:
Caſtor, and *Pollux'es*, bright ſtarre redeeme,
Storme-beaten veſſels, when they ſhipwrak'd ſeeme:
And *Bacchus* brow, adorn'd with verdant vine,
Doth happy iſſue, to our vowes aſſigne.

Ode IX.

To Lollius.

His writings ſhall never die: Vertue without the helpe of verſes is forgotten. He will ſing the praiſes of Lollius, *whoſe vertues he will likewiſe celebrate.*

THinke not thoſe layes of mine ſhall ever die,
Which borne neere Aufidus loud current, I
With Art unpractiſed by thoſe fore-went
Have made with Chords harmoniouſly conſent.
Although *Mœonian Homer* high'ſt aſpire,
Yet muſt not *Pindarus*, nor *Cæus* fire,
Alcæus ſharper Muſe, nor weighty ſtraine
Of grave *Steſichorus* obſcur'd remaine.

Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas. Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivúntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.
Non sola comptos arsit adulteri
Crines, & aurum vestibus illitum
Mirata, regalesque cultus
Et comites, Helenæ Lacænæ:
Primúsque Teucer tela Cydonio
Direxit arcu: non semel Ilios
Vexata: non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus, Sthenelúsque solus
Dicenda Musis prælia. Non ferox
Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves
Excepit ictus pro pudicis
Conjugibus puerísque primus.
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte: carent quia vate sacro.
"PAULUM sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Tótve tuos patiar labores
Impunè, Lolli, carpere lividas
Oblivione. Est animus tibi
Rerúmque prudens, & secundis
Temporibus dubiisque rectus:
Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ;
Consulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili, &
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu: & per obstantes catervas
Explicuit sua victor arma

N

Nor though *Anacreon* earſt ſang ſportive verſe,
Can Time his living memory reverſe.
The love doth ſtill ſurvive, the Heate reſpire
That breathed in the Lesbian *Sappho's* Lyre.
Bright *Helen* not alone did love conferre,
On criſped haire of her Adulterer:
Nor did ſhe his gay tiſſued robes admire,
His ſpruce Companions, and his rich attire.
Teucer was not the firſt, whoſe ſhafts prevaild
From Cretan bow; Nor Troy, but once aſſaild.
Idomeneus, nor *Sthenelus*, alone,
Fought combats fit by Poets to be ſhowne.
Fierce *Hector*, nor *Deiphobus*, deceiv'd,
Are not the firſt, who direfull wounds receiv'd
For chaſtity of wives, or children deare.
'Fore *Agamemnon* many valiant were:
But unlamented all, unknowne they pine
In tedious night, who want a Muſe divine.
" Small diſtance twixt concealed vertue lyes,
" And ſluggiſh life loſt in obſcurities.
(My deareſt *Lollius*) I will not permit,
That thou unhonoured in ſilence ſit,
And ſuffer pale Oblivion to deface,
Thoſe painfull labours thou doſt oft embrace.
Thy prudent mind, which Sees by Reaſon's light,
Stands in adverſe, and proſp'rous Times upright:
Revengeth greedy Fraud, becomes not thrall
To love of money, which attracteth all;
Makes thee no annuall Conſull for a yeare,
But as a juſt good Judge thou doſt appeare,
Who Honeſty preferres, and hating Gaine,
Rejects the gifts of guilty with diſdaine;
And breaking thorow troupes, which ſtop the way,
Doth victor-like triumphant Armes diſplay.
Call not thoſe happy, who in riches flow,
But terme them truly bleſs'd, who wiſely know,

Non possidentem multa, vocaveris
Rectè beatum: rectiùs occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Durámque callet pauperiem pati:
Pejúsque letho flagitium timet:
Non ille pro charis amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

Ode XII.

Ad Virgilium.

Describit veris adventum, & Virgilium ad convivium sub conditione invitat.

Jam veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ:
Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt
Hyberna nive turgidi.
Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infœlix avis, & Cecropiæ domus
Æternum opprobium, quòd malè barbaras
Regum est ulta libidines.
Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
Custodes ovium carmina fistula:
Delectántque deum, cui pecus & nigri
Colles Arcadiæ placent.
Adduxere sitim tempora Virgili:
Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,
Nardo vina merebere.
Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,
Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat horreis,
Spes donare novas largus, amaráque
Curarum eluere efficax.

The

The gifts to uſe, which God doth freely give,
And grudging not at wants, contended live;
Who ugly ſinne more dread, than horrid death,
And dare for friends, or Countrey ſpend their breath.

Ode XII.

To Virgil.

He deſcribeth the approach of the Spring, and inviteth Virgil to a Banquet under condition.

SOuth winds, the ſpring attending ſtill,
Now Seas becalme, and Sailes doe fill:
Now Froſts make not the Meadowes hore,
Nor Winter-Snow, ſwolne Rivers rore.
The luckleſſe Bird her neſt doth frame,
Bewailing *Itis*, and the ſhame
Of *Cecrops* houſe, and that ſo ill,
On Kings rude Luſt, ſhe wrought her wil.
The ſhepheards of rich flocks reherſe,
And to their pipes chant rurall verſe:
Seeking his God-head to appeaſe,
Whom flocks, & hils Arcadian pleaſe.
Theſe times doe thirſty ſeaſons ſend,
But if thou (*Virgil Cæſar's* friend;)
Calenian wines deſir'ſt to trie,
To me with fragrant unguents hie,
And purchaſe with a little Box,
Wine, which *Sulpitius* ſafely locks,
New hopes moſt pow'rfull to create,
And bitter cares to diſſipate:

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tua
Velox mercè veni. Non ego te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
Plenæ dives ut in domo.
Verùm pone moras & ſtudium lucri:
Nigrorúmque memor, dum licet, igniúm,
Miſce ſtultitiam conſiliis brevem.
Dulce eſt deſipere in loco.

Ode XIII.

In LYCEN *Meretricem vetulam.*

Inſultat ei mordaciſſimè quòd jam anus facta & libidine flagrans contemnitur à juvenibus.

Audivere, Lyce, Dii meæ vota, Dii
Audivere, Lyce, ſis anus, & tamen
Vis formoſa videri:
Ludiſque & bibis impudens:
Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem
Lentum ſollicitas. Ille virentis &
Doctæ pſallere Chiæ
Pulchris excubat in genis.
Importunus enim tranſvolat aridas
Quercus: Et refugit, te quia lividi
Dentes, te quia rugæ
Turpant, & capitis nives.
Nec Coæ referent jam tibi purpuræ,
Nec clari lapides, tempora quæ ſemel
Notis condita faſtis,
Inclusit volucris dies.

To

To which content if thou agree,
Stay not, but quickly come to mee:
I'le not (free coſt) my Cups carrouſe,
As rich men in a plenteous houſe.
Then leave delayes, and gaine's deſire,
And mindfull of Black Funerall fire,
" Short folly mix with Councels beſt.
" 'Tis ſweet, ſometime to be in jeſt.

Ode XIII.

Againſt Lyce.

who being old, is becomē a ſcorne to young men.

THe Gods have (*Lyce*) heard my vow,
My vow is heard. Th'art old, yet thou,
Faine wouldſt (forſooth) be counted faire,
And quaffe, and wanton with the aire:
And (drunk) with trembling voice invite
Slow *Cupid*, who takes more delight,
On *Chia's* roſie cheekes to ſtay,
Youthfull, and skill'd in Muſick's lay.
He reſtleſſe with ſwift motion flyes
From with'red Okes; and from thee hies,
Whom rotten teeth, and wrinckled face,
And head of ſnowy haire diſgrace,
Nor can bright *Coan* Purple's uſe,
Or brighteſt gems the Time reduce,
Which once ſwift-winged Age hath clos'd,
In publique Calenders diſpos'd.

Quò fugit Venus? (heu) quóve color decens?
Quò motus? quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi,
Fœlix post Cynaram, notáque & artium
Gratarum facies? sed Cynaræ breves
Annos fata dederunt:
Servatura diu parem
Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen:
Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi,
Multo non sine risu,
Dilapsam in cineres facem.

Ode XIV.

Ad Augustum.

A Senatu populóque Romano honores Augusto tribui non possunt, qui virtutes ejus æquare valeant.

Quæ cura patrum, quæve Quiritium,
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas
Auguste virtutes in ævum
Per titulos memoresq; fastos
Æternet? ô, quà Sol habitabiles
Illustrat oras, maxime principum,
Quem legis expertes Latinæ
Vindelici didicére nuper

Where

Where is thy beuty fled? Ay me!
Thy colour freſh, and motion free?
What haſt thou left of that, entire,
Which earſt enkindled am'rous Fire?
And me did from my ſelfe divert;
Next *Cynaras*, thou happy wert,
For pleaſing beauty, and ſweet Grace,
Diſcov'red in a lovely Face.
But Fates to *Cynaras* did ow
Short life, and *Lyce* like the Crow,
They here ſurviving longer hold,
That youth enflamed may behold,
Not without laughter, & much ſcorne,
A burning Torch to Aſhes worne.

Ode XIV.

To Augustus.

Honours cannot be given to Auguſtus *by the Senate, and people of Rome, which may bee equivalent to his vertues.*

WHat care of Senators, or Roman ſtate
May with full honour's meed perpetuate
Thee (*Cæſar*) grav'd on Statutes, or comprize
Thy vertues in Rome's annuall memories?
(O thou of Princes mightieſt) where his rayes,
The Sunne o're habitable Climes diſplayes;

Quid Marte possis. Milite nam tuo
Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,
Brennòsque veloces, & arces
Alpibus impositas tremendis
Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.
Major Neronum mox grave prælium
Commisit, immanèsque Rhætos
Auspiciis pepulit secundis:
Spectandus in certamine Martio,
Devota morti pectora liberæ
Quantis fatigaret ruinis.
Indomitas propè qualis undas
Exercet Auster, Pleiadum choro
Scindente nubes: impiger hostium
Vexare turmas, & frementem
Mittere equum medios per ignes.
Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni præfluit Appuli:
Quum sævit, horrendámque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris:
Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina
Ferrata vasto diruit impetu:
Primósque & extremos metendo,
Stravit humum, sine clade victor:
Te copias, te consilium, & tuos
Præbente divos. Nam tibi, quo die
Portus Alexandrea supplex
Et vacuam patefecit aulam,
Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
Belli secundos reddidit exitus;
Laudémque & optatum peractis
Imperiis decus arrogavit.
Te Cantaber non antè domabilis,
Medúsq; & Indus, te profugus Scythes
Miratur ô tutela præsens
Italiæ, dominæque Romæ:

Who Vandals, ignorant of Latian rites,
Haſt (lately) taught thy worth in martiall fights:
For *Druſus* with thy Souldiers hath ſubdu'de,
Swift-footed Brennians, and Genaunians rude:
Yea Forts on Alpine mountaines dreadfull growne,
Hath more than once (victorious) overthrowne.
Then did the elder *Nero* battell wage,
And with ſucceſſe repell the Rhetian's rage.
Admir'd in fight by all, what ſlaughters he
Made, where they vow'd to die for liberty.
As when South-winds on ſurly billowes ride,
Whilſt ſhowry Plëiades the clouds divide,
He breaking hoſtile ſquadrons, with full ſpeed
Ruſh'd th'rough the thickeſt Troups with fiery ſteed:
Or as by-forked Aufidus, amaine
Runs bellowing forth along th'Apulian plaine,
When he with rage, and ſwelling flouds abounds
Threatning a deluge to the tilled grounds:
On, *Claudius* with vaſt force impetuous goes,
Beating downe armed rankes of barb'rous foes;
And with them all cut off, the Earth he ſtrewes,
Yet (victor) his whole Hoſt in ſafety viewes:
Thou force ſupplying, Counſels to direct,
And the Gods made propitious, to protect.
For on the day, when *Alexandria's* Port
To thee did ſuppliant yeeld, with th'empty Court,
Fortune, that day, three luſtres fully ſpent,
Gave to thy crowned battels good event,
Aquir'd thee praiſe, and wiſhed honour wonne,
Thoſe Martiall feates of warfare being done.
Cantabrians, which before yoke never knew,
The Indian, Mede, and wandring Scythian crew
With admiration ſtruck doe gaze on thee,
(The preſent weale of Rome, and Italy:)

Te, fontium qui celat origines
Nilúsque, & Ister, te rapidus Tigris,
Te belluosus qui remotis
Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis:
Te, non paventis funera Galliæ,
Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis.

Ode XV.

Augusti Laudes.

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui,
Victas & urbes, increpuit, lyra:
Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor
Vela darem. Tua Cæsar ætas
Fruges & agris rettulit uberes:
Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,
Direpta Parthorum superbis
Postibus: & vacuum duellis
Janum Quirini clausit: & ordinem
Rectum, & vaganti frena licentiæ
Injecit, emovitque culpas:
Et veteres revocavit artes,
Per quas Latinum nomen, & Italæ
Crevere vires, famáque & imperi
Porrecta majestas ad ortum
Solis, ab Hesperio cubili.
Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
Civilis, aut vis eximet otium:
Non ira quæ procudit enses,
Et miseras inimicat urbes:
Non qui profundum Danubiũ bibunt,
Edicta rumpent Julia: non Getæ,
Non Seres, infidive Persæ,
Non Tanain propè flumen orti.

Ægyptian

Ægyptian Nilus, taught, his ſource to hide,
Iſter, and Tygris ſtreames that ſwiftly glide,
The Monſter-breeding Ocean, who doth rore,
To the farre diſtant bankes o'th Brittiſh ſhore,
The Gaules, who feare not death; yea barren land
Of ſtout Iberian clime, ſerve thy Command:
Sicambrians, vow'd in ſlaughter to delight,
Lay weapons downe, Adore, and will not fight.

ODE XV.

The praiſes of AUGUSTUS.

MY Muſe by *Phœbus* was rebuk'd of late
For ſinging wars, and vanquiſh'd Cities Fate:
Like thoſe who in the Tyrrhen Ocean's rage,
Doe little Sayles advance. (*Cæſar*) thy Age
Affordeth plenteous fruits, unto the fields,
And to *Jove's* Capitoll our Enſignes yeelds
From Parthian Pillers ſnatch'd and after jarres
Hath cloſed *Janus* Temple, free from warres:
Confuſion hath with order rectifi'd,
And wand'ring liberty, with fetters ty'd:
Hath antique Arts recall'd, By which 'tis knowne
Heſperia's ſtrength, and Latine name hath growne:
Imperiall pompe hath ſpread, and glory wonne,
Stretch'd from the riſing to the ſetting Sun.
While *Cæſar* is our Guardian, civill warre,
Nor violence, our peacefull reſt ſhall marre:
Not Anger which ſwords ſharp'neth, and confounds
Cities, unhappy made with mutuall wounds:
Not they, for thirſt, that drinke in Iſter deepe,
Shall once refuſe the Julian lawes to keepe:
Not Seres, faithleſſe Perſians, nor the Getes,
Nor thoſe, who neere to Tanais have their ſeats.

Noſq;

Nósque & profestis lucibus & sacris,
Inter jocosi munera Liberi,
Cum prole, matronisque nostris,
Rite deos prius apprecati,
Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,
Lydis remisto carmine tibiis,
Trojamque & Anchisen, & almæ
Progeniem Veneris canemus.

Odarum Finis.

And

And we on Holy Eves, and holy Dayes,
Amongſt free Cups, to merry *Bacchus* praiſe;
With wife, and children, ſtanding in our ſight,
(Firſt Gods invoking with religious Rite)
Will gladly (as our Grandſires did) rehearſe,
(And tuning Lydian pipe to various verſe)
Heroicke Captaines, Troy, *Anchiſes* gone,
And brave *Æneas*, *Cytherea's* ſonne.

The end of the Odes.

EPODON

EPODON LIBER.

EPOD I.

Ad MÆCENATEM.

Horatius ibit cum Mæcenate proficiſcente ad bellum Actiacum contra Antonium.

IBis Liburnis inter alta navium
Amice, propugnacula:
Paratus omne Cæſarîs periculum
Subire, Mæcenas, tuo.
Quid nos? quibus te vita ſit ſuperſtite
Jucunda: ſi contrà, gravis:
Utrúmne juſſi perſequemur otium,
Non dulce ni tecum ſimul?
An hunc laborem mente laturi, decet
Qua ferre non molles viros?
Feremus: & te vel per Alpium juga,
Inhoſpitalem & Caucaſum,
Vel occidentis uſque ad ultimum ſinum,
Forti ſequemur pectore.
Roges, tuum labore quid juvem meo,
Imbellis, ac firmus parum?

BOOK OF EPODS.

EPOD I.

TO MÆCENAS.

Horace will travell with Mæcenas going to the Actiack warres, against M. Anthony.

THou (friend) 'mongſt lofty Ships wilt goe,
In ſlender veſſell builded low,
And doſt (*Mæcenas*) much incline,
To make great *Cæſar's* perils thine.
What ſhall we doe? My life is bleſt,
If thou ſurvive; If not, diſtreſt.
Shall we (commanded) idle be?
Repoſe his Toyle, if not with thee.
Or ſhall w'embrace theſe paines, like thoſe
Who ſeeke not after ſoft repoſe?
We will; And o're the Alpes aſcent
And Caucaſus, which none frequent;
Yea to the utmoſt Weſterne parts
Will follow thee, with conſtant hearts.
You'l ſay; By thee what helpe is gain'd,
Weake, and in Martiall feates untrain'd?

Comes

Comes minore ſum futurus in metu,
Qui major abſentes habet:
Ut aßidens implumibus pullis avis,
Serpentum allapſus timet
Magis relictis: non, ut adſit, auxilî
Latura plus præſentibus.
Libenter hoc & omne militabitur
Bellum in tuæ ſpem gratiæ.
Non ut juvencis illigata pluribus
Aratra nitantur meis,
Pecúſve Calabris ante ſydus ſervidum,
Lucana mutet paſcua:
Nec ut ſuperni villa candens Tuſculi
Circæa tangat mœnia.
Satis ſupérque me benignitas tua
Ditavit. Haud paravero,
Quod aut, avarus ut Chermes, terrâ premam.
Diſcinctus aut perdam ut nepos.

Epod II.

Vitæ ruſticæ laudes.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
(Ut priſca gens mortalium)
Paterna rura bobus exercet ſuis,
Solutus omni fœnore:
Neque excitatur claſſico miles truci,
Neque horret iratum mare,
Forúmque vitat, & ſuperba civium
Potentiorum limina.
Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine
Altas maritat populos:
Inutiléſque falce ramos amputans,
Fœliciores inſerit:
Aut in reducta valle mugientium
Proſpectat errantes greges:

" In Company, Feares little ſeeme,
Which we in abſence great eſteeme.
Ev'n as the Bird, that ſits upon
Her naked brood, when ſhe is gone,
Of Serpent's ſting is more afraid,
Though wholly helpleſſe had ſhe ſtaid.
This warfare will I undertake;
Or any other, for thy ſake.
Not, that my Oxen may abound
With many ploughs to till the ground:
Or Beaſts to Lucan meadowes ſent,
Calabrian fervors may prevent:
Nor Tuſculum my pleaſant Grange,
Neere the Circæan wals may range.
Thy favor me enough hath ſtor'd,
Which I, as *Chremes*, will not hoard
Within the Earth; nor ever ſhall
Spend, like a waſtfull prodigall.

Epod II.

The prayſe of the Countrey life.

HE happy is, who far from buſie toyle
(As elder Ages) tills the ſoyle
His father left, with his owne Cattell, free
From heart-enthralling uſury.
He, is not mov'd, when warlik drums doe beat,
Nor feares the angry Ocean's threat,
He pleas, and ſuits abhorrs, and doth refuſe
The grace of mighty men to uſe.
But either doth to talleſt Poplar twine
The tender off-ſprings of the vine:
And lopping Branches off, which uſeleſſe were,
Graft thoſe which better fruit may beare:
Or vieweth in ſome winding valley's maze,
His wandring heards of Cattell graze.

Aut puris mella condit amphoris:
Aut tondet infirmas oves:
Vel, quum decorum mitibus pomis caput
Autumnus arvis extulit,
Vt gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
Certantem & uvam purpurae?
Qua muneretur te Priape, & te pater
Sylvane, tutor finium.
Libet jacere, modò sub antiqua ilice,
Modò in tenaci gramine.
Labuntur altis interim ripis aquae:
Queruntur in sylvis aves:
Fontésq; lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leves.
At quum tonantis annus hybernus Jovis
Imbres nivésque comparat:
Aut trudit acres hinc & hinc multa cane
Apros in obstantes plagas:
Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,
Turdis edacibus dolos:
Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem
Jucunda captat praemia.
Quis non malarũ quas amor curas habet,
Haec inter obliviscitur?
Quòd si pudica mulier in partem juvet
Domum atque dulces liberos:
(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus
Pernicis uxor Appuli)
Sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum,
Lassi sub adventum viri:
Claudénsque textis cratibus laetumpecus,
Distenta siccet ubera:
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inemptas apparet:
Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,
Magísve rhombus, aut scari,

Or

Or, doth preſs'd honey in pure veſſels keepe,
Or ſheare his wooll-o're-burdned ſheepe.
But when with mellow fruit ripe Autumne crown'd,
His head upreareth from the ground;
How he to taſte the grafted Peare delights,
And Grape, that with the purple fights,
Which to *Priapus* as a gift redounds,
Or old *Sylvanus*, God of Bounds.
Now under aged Okes he houres doth paſſe,
And now repoſeth on the graſſe.
While from high bankes ſwift trembling waters glide,
And Birds their warbling notes divide,
Small ſtreames on purling pibbles murmur keep,
To ſummon ſoft and gentle ſleep.
But when lowd *Jove* doth winter's ſeaſon ſend,
And makes ſharpe ſhowers, and ſnowes deſcend,
He, or the hardy Bore from place to place
With fleet hounds into Toyles doth chace,
Or, with light ſticks doth ſlender nets diſplay,
Devouring Thruſhes to bettay:
Or els the fearefull Hare, and forraigne Crane,
(His ſports glad ſpoyles) in grins are ta'ne.
Ah! who in thought, 'mongſt ſuch delights retaines
Leaſt ſenſe, of lov'es perplexing paines?
But if (in part) a modeſt wife direct
The houſe, and children deare affect,
As Sabine earſt, or ſwift *Apulian's* dame
Scorch'd with the rayes of *Phœbus* flame,
Makes, ſacred fires with old dry wood to burne,
'Gainſt weary husband's wiſh'd returne:
And folding gladſome flocks in woven grates,
Dryes up their dugs, which milke dilates;
Then broaching new wines kept in veſſels faire,
An (unbought) Supper doth prepare:
The Lucrine Oyſter nor the Guilt-head bright,
Nor Turbot more my taſt delight,

Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
Hyems adhoc vertat mare :
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum,
Non attagen Ionicus
Jucundior, quàm lecta de pinguissimis
Oliva ramis arborum :
Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, & gravi
Malvæ salubres corpori :
Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,
Vel hœdus ereptus lupo.
Has inter epulas, ut juvet pastas oves
Videre properantes domum?
Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves
Collo trahentes languido,
Positósque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidentes Lares!
Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem recl egit Idibus pecuniam :
Quærit Calendis ponere.

Epod IV.

Ad Volteium Menam libertum Pompeii Magni.

Lupis & agnis quanta sortitò obtigit,
Tecum mihi discordia est,
Iberina peruste funibus latus,
Et crura dura compede.
Licet superbus ambules pecunia,
" Fortuna non mutat genus.
Videsne, sacram metiente te viam
Cum bis ter ulnarum toga,
Ut ora vertat huc & huc euntium
Liberrima indignatio?
Sectus flagellis hic triumviralibus,
Præconis ad fastidium,

If winter, when lowd Easterne tempests rore,
Drive such upon our Tirrhene shore:
Th'Ionian Partrich, nor the Affrick bird,
Such palate-pleasing taste affoord,
As when I am with th'unctuous Olive fed,
From fruitfull branches gathered,
Or when I meadow-loving sorrell get,
And the health-giving mallow eat:
A lambe on *Terminus* his feast that dies,
Or Kid redeem'd, from wolfe's surprize.
Among these dainties what content it yeelds,
To see the fed-flocks leave the fields:
To see the weary Ox with neck worne bare,
Dragging the turned plough, and share:
Aud toiling hinds (the plenteous household swarme)
'Bout shining Lars to sit, and warme.
This said, rich *Alphius* who money lends,
To lead a Countrey life intends;
And in the Ides his debts call'd in amaine,
But in the Calends lent againe.

Epod IV.

To Volteius Mena Pompey's *freed man.*

THat disaccord betweenus twoI find, (disjoind,
Which Natures Law hath Lambs, & Wolves
(O thou, whose sides with Spanish whips are torne,
And galled legs with stubborne fetters worne.)
Though, proud of *Wealth*, thou walke with pompous pace,
"*Fortune* correcteth not ignoble race.
See'st not when to the *Capitoll* th'rough the Towne,
Thou stalk'st along clad in thy *Six-Ell Gowne*,
How *Indignation* limitlesse, and free,
Of passers to, and fro reflects on thee?
He, who was earst with *Triumvirs* smart blowes,
Lash'd till the loathing *Beadle* wearie growes;

Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,
Et Appiam mannis terit :
Sedilibúsque magnus in primis eques
Othone contempto sedet.
Quid attinet tot ora navium gravi
Rostrata duci pondere
Contra latrones, atque servilem manum,
Hoc, hoc, tribuno militum ?

Epod V.

In Canidiam Veneficam.

* *At ô deorum quicquid in cœlo regit*
Terras, & humanum genus,
Quid iste fert tumultus ? & quid omnium
Vultus in unum me truces ?
Per liberos te, si vocata partubus
Lucina veris affuit ;
Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
Per improbaturum hoc Jovem ;
Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti
Petita ferro bellua ?
Ut hæc trementi questus ore, constitit
Insignibus raptis puer,
Impube corpus, quale posset impia
Mollire Thracum pectora :
Canidia brevibus implicata viperis
Crines & incomptum caput,
Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,
Jubet cupressos funebres,
Et unctæ turpis ova ranæ sanguine,
Plumámque nocturnæ strigis,

A thouſand plough'd *Falernian Akers* brags,
And treads, the *Appian way* with well pac'd nags;
And on chiefe *Benches* ſitteth (in deſpight
Of *Otho's* law) *A moſt accompliſh'd Knight!*
What needs great *Cæſar*, then to goe about
So many goodly ſhips to furniſh out
'Gainſt wretched Pyrates, and the ſlaviſh Band,
This, This Man dignify'de with prime command.

EPOD V.

A noble Youth, whom Canidia, *and other witches, had ſtolne, and ſet in the Earth up to the chin, purpoſing to famiſh him, that they might by Art Magick make a love-drink of his Liver, and Marrow.*

*O *God*, who e're in Heav'n doſt guide
The Earth, and Men which here abide;
What meanes this noiſe, and why on me,
Do you all look ſo ruefully?
(Ah! For thy childrens ſake forbeare,
If at ſuch Births *Lucina* were.
By this vaine *Purple Robe*, I pray,
By *Jove*, who will not like your way,
Why frowne you on me (Step-dame like
Or Beaſt, whom eager Hunters ſtrike?)
While heere the trembling *Lad* doth ſtay,
Made to diſpoile, from rich array
His tender body (which might force
The cruell *Thracian* to remorce:)
Canidia, whoſe unkembed *Head*,
Was with ſhort Vipers filleted,
Commands from *Graves* wild *Fig-tree* torne,
And *Cypreſſe*, which doth *Beeres* adorne:
Egs ſteep'd in bloud of *Toads*, to bring,
With feathers from the Scritch-*Owles* wing;

Herbásque quas Folcos atque Iberia
Mittit venenorum ferax,
Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,
Flammis aduri Colchicis.
Atq; expedita Sagana, per totam domũ
Spargens avernales aquas,
Horret capillis, ut marinus, asperis
Echinus, aut currens aper.
Abacta nulla Veia conscientia,
Ligonibus duris humum
Exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus,
Quò posset infossus puer
Longo die bis terve mutatæ dapis
Inemori spectaculo:
Quũ promineret ore, quantũ extant aquæ
Suspensa mento corpora:
Exsucta uti medulla, & aridum jecur,
Amoris esse poculum:
Interminato quum semel fixæ cibo
Intabuissent pupulæ.
Non defuisse masculæ libidinis
Ariminensem Foliam
Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,
Et omne vicinum oppidum:
Quæ sydera excantata voce Thessala,
Lunamque cœlo deripit.
Hic irresectum sæva dente livido
Canidia rodens pollicem,
Quid dixit? aut quid tacuit? O rebus meis
Non infidelis arbitræ,
Nox, & Diana, quæ silentium regis,
Arcana quum fiunt sacra:
Nunc nunc adesse: nunc in hostiles domos
Iram atque numen vertite.
Formidolosæ dum latent sylvis feræ,
Dulci sopore languidæ

Heart

Hearbes of *Iolco's* banefull Field,
And poyſons, *Theſſaly* doth yeeld;
Bones ſnatch'd from jawes of hungry Bitch,
To burne with flames of *Colchique witch*.
Quick *Sagan*, who doth waters ſling,
Fetch'd from *Avernus* loathſome ſpring,
Briſtles her haire, as moody *Bore*,
Or the *Sea urchin* neere the ſhore.
While *Veia* free from all remorſe
Of horrid deeds, the ground 'gan force
With ſtubborne ſpade; & hard ſhe ſwet
That in it, the whelm'd *firipling* ſet,
Might twice, or thrice a day be ply'de
With view of viands, till he dy'de:
In which, up to the *chin* he ſtood,
As they who wade within the Flood,
That his drain'd *Marow*, *Liver* dry,
Her, with a *Love-drink* might ſupply;
When once his fainting eies were ſpy'de
To ſink at ſight of Food deny'de.
Nay eaſefull *Naples* bid believe,
And the neare Townes for truth receive
That *Folia* of *Ariminum*
Luſtfull (*Man-like*) did thither come:
Whoſe ſpels have pow'r from orbes of light
The charmed *Moone*, and *Starres* to fright.
Canidia heere for ſpleene prepar'd,
With black Teeth gnawing nailes unpar'd,
What muttred ſhee? what not? *O yee*
You conſcious Arbiters with me
Night, and Diana *Queene of Reſt*,
Now we performe our darke beheſt
The preſent heere: your Anger *throw*,
And pow'rfull God-head on my Foe.
While fearefull Beaſts, *cloſe covert keepe*,
Charm'd with the eaſe of gentle Sleepe

Senem (quod omnes rideant) adulterum
Latrent Suburanæ canes,
Nardo perunctum: quale nec perfectius
Meæ laborarunt manus.
Quid accidit? cur dira barbaræ minus
Venena Medeæ valent,
Quibus superbam fugit ulta pellicem,
Magni Creontis filiam,
Quum palla, tabo munus imbutũ, novam
Incendio nuptam abstulit?
Atqui nec herba, nec latens in asperis
Radix fefellit me locis.
Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus
Oblivione pellicum.
Ah, ah, solutus ambulabat veneficæ
Scientiorũ carmine.
Non usitatis Vare potionibus
(O multa fleturum caput)
Ad me recurres: nec vocata mens tua
Marsis redibit vocibus.
Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi
Fastidienti poculum.
Priusque cœlum sidet inferius mari,
Tellure porrecta super:
Quàm non amore sic meo flagres, uti
Bitumen atris ignibus.
Sub hæc puer, jam non, ut antè, mollibus
Lenire verbis impias:
Sed dubius unde rumperet silentium,
Misit Thyesteæ preces.
Venena, magnũ fas nefasque, non valent
Convertere humanam vicem.
Diris agam vos: dira detestatio
Nulla expiatur victima.
Quin, ubi perire jussus expiravero,
Nocturnus occurram furor:

Let the Suburran *dogs report*
(That all may jeere it) the Reſort
Of the old wanton, ſleeke with Nard;
Better, my hands have n'ere prepar'd.
How, How! why doe Medæa's *charmes*
And deadly drugs cauſe greater harmes,
Wherewith ſhe tooke revenge at full
On Creon's *daughter, that prowd* Trul,
When a Gowne *dipp'd in poys'nous* Bane,
Turned the guift, *and* Bride *to flame?*
But Plant, *nor* Root *in crags conceal'd*
Reſts from my notice, unreveal'd:
Yet Varus, *not with love in ure,*
In beds perfumed, ſleepes ſecure.
But (Ah) he walkes, freed by the ſpels
Of ſome, whoſe knowledge more excels.
(O Varus) *by ſtrange* drugges, *to me*
(Damn'd to endure much miſery)
Thou ſhalt returne; nor thy ſick mind
From Marſian charmes ſhall comfort find.
A ſtronger Cup *I will deviſe*
Fill'd for thee, who doſt me deſpiſe.
Heav'n *ſhall below the* Sea *deſcend,*
And o're the Sea, *the* Earth *diſtend;*
If thou, like Pitch in dusky fire
Conſumeſt not, with my Deſire.
The *Boy* ſought them to ſooth no more
With gentle words, as heretofore,
But doubtfull what hee firſt ſhould ſpeake,
Thus direfully doth *ſilence* breake.
Let charmes, *&* ſpels *doe what they can,*
They cannot chaunge the Fate *of man.*
'Ile haunt you ſtill: For ſetled Hate
No ſacrifice doth expiate.
When, forc'd by you my Soule *is fled,*
'Ile come a Fury *to your* Bed,

Petamq; vultus umbra curvis unguibus:
(Quæ vis deorum eſt manium)
Et inquietis aſſidens præcordiis,
Pavore ſomnos auferam.
Vos turba vicatim hinc & hinc ſaxis petens
Contundet, obſcœnæ anus.
Pòſt, inſepulta membra different lupi,
Et Exquilinæ alites.
Neq; hoc parentes, heu mihi ſuperſtites,
Effugerit ſpectaculum.

Epod VII.

Ad populum Romanum.

Execratio belli civilis geſti hinc Bruto & Caſſio, illinc Octaviano, M. Antonio, & M, Lepido Coſſ.

Quò quò ſceleſti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enſes conditi?
Parumne campis atque Neptuno ſuper
Fuſum eſt Latini ſanguinis?
Non, ut ſuperbas invidæ Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret:
Intactus aut Britannus ut deſcenderet
Sacra catenatus via.
Sed ut, ſecundum vota Parthorum, ſua
Urbs hæc periret dextera.
Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus
Unquam, niſi in diſpar, feris.
Furórne cœcus, an rapit vis acrior?
An culpa? reſponſum date.
Tacent: & ora pallor albus inficit:
Mentéſque perculſæ ſtupent.
Sic eſt: acerba fata Romanos agunt,
Scelúſque fraternæ necis:
Ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi
Sacer nepotibus cruor.

And.

And a ſad Ghoſt *your faces teare*
(Such pow'r on Earth *have* Spirits *heere :)*
And as the Night-mare, *on your cheſt,*
'Ile vexe, and ſcare you from your Reſt.
The thronging people, in the ſtreet
(Baſe Hags) *ſhall ſtone you, when yee meet :*
Your Limbs *untomb'd the* Wolves *ſhall teare,*
And Vulturs *to* Eſquiliæ *beare :*
Nor (Ah) *my* Parents *after mee*
Shall faile this Spectacle *to ſee.*

EPOD VII.

To the people of Rome.

An execration of the civill warre, raiſed on the one ſide by Brutus *and* Caſſius; *on the other ſide, by* Octavian M. Anthony, *and* Lepidus *the Roman Conſuls.*

AH wretches! whither haſte you ? To what end,
Doe your right hands, to ſheathed ſwords deſ-
Is there ſo little, yet, of Latine blood (cend?
Powr'd on the Champaine fields, or Ocean flood ?
Not, that the Roman ſhould with flames abate,
The tow'rs of Carthage, envious of our ſtate ;
Or Britton might (unconqu'red to this day)
Be taught, in chaines to tread the ſacred way ;
But, that, which with the Parthians wiſh would ſtand,
This Citie might be raz'd by civill hand.
'Mongſt Wolves, and Lions this we never find,
But beaſts produced of a diff'rent kind.
Doth Fury blind, or greater pow'r command ?
Is ſin the cauſe ? Oh let me underſtand.
They ſilent are : Their cheekes are paler made,
And feares their horror-ſtrucken minds in vade.
'Tis ſo : ſterne Fates doe Rome with furie ſtaine:
And Tyrannous offence of brother ſlaine.
Which on enſuing Ages laid the guilt,
Since *Remus's* harmleſſe bloud on th'earth was ſpilt.

Epod IX.

Ad Mæcenatem.

Præsentit voluptatem, quam percipiet ex Augusti victoria adversus Antonium & Cleopatram.

Quando repostum Cæcubum ad festas dapes
Victore lætus Cæsare,
Tecum sub alta (sic Jovi gratum) domo
Beate Mæcenas bibam,
Sonante mistum tibiis carmen lyra,
Hac Dorium, illis Barbarum?
Ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius
Dux fugit, ustis navibus,
Minatus urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat
Servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis)
Emancipatus fœminæ,
Fert vallum & arma miles, & spadonibus
Servire rugosis potest:
Interque signa turpe militaria
Sol aspicit conopeum.
Ad hunc frementes verterunt bis mille
Galli canentes Cæsarem, (equos
Hostiliúmque navium portu latent
Puppes sinistrorsum citæ.
Io triumphe, tu moraris aureos
Currus, & intactos boves,
Io triumphe, nec Iugurthino parem
Bello reportasti ducem,
Neque Africano, cui super Carthaginem
Virtus sepulchrum condidit.

Epod

Epod IX.

To Mæcenas.

He before hand feeles the contentment he ſhall take from Auguſtus *his victory againſt* M. Antony, *and* Cleopatra.

When ſhall I Cæcube wines, that ſtored lie
For Banquets; Glad at *Cæſar's* victorie
(So *love* will have it) in thy ſtately houſe,
With thee (my deare *Mæcenas*) free carouſe?
Reſounding notes that mingle Flutes with Lyre;
This, Dorique, ſpeaking Joy; *That*, Phrygian, Ire:
As when Neptunian *Pompey* droven, fled
Th'rough ſtraightned ſeas, with navy ruined,
Who Rome had threatned with thoſe chaines, which he
Had ta'ne from treach'rous Servitors, made free.
The Roman Souldier by a woman ty'de
In ſlaviſh bands (Ah this will be deny'de
By after times) lugs Armes, Earth, ſtakes, and Tent,
Striving her with'red Eunuches to content;
And *Pheous* 'mongſt their Enſignes doth eſpie,
Her net-like, and laſcivious Canopie.
But the bold French proclaiming *Cæſar's* name,
Thence with two thouſand horſe ſtraight hither came;
And the ſwift Prowes of hoſtile veſſels ly
Turn'd to the left hand, readie ſet to fly.
O gladſome Triumph! Thou retard'ſt the drift
Of golden chariot, and young Heifers gift:
O gladſome Triumph! From Jugurthian warre,
Thou brought'ſt no Captaine might with this cõpare;
Nor Affrican, whoſe noble valour's praiſe,
Did laſting monuments or'e Carthage raiſe.

Terra marique victus hostis, Punico
Lugubre mutavit sagum:
Aut ille, centum nobilem Cretâ urbibus
Ventis iturus non suis,
Exercitatas aut petit Syrtes Noto:
Aut fertur incerto mari.
Capaciores affer huc puer scyphos,
Et Chia vina, aut Lesbia:
Vel, quod fluentem nauseam coerceat
Metire nobis Cæcubum.
Curam metumque Cæsaris rerum juvat
Dulci Lyæo solvere.

Epod XIII.

Ad amicos comicos, ut hyemem hilariter traducant.

Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit, & imbres
Nivesque deducunt Iovem. Nunc mare, nunc
Threicio Aquilone sonant. Rapiamus amici (*sylvæ*
Occasionem de die: dumque virent genua,
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
Tu vina Torquato move Consule pressa meo;
Cætera mitte loqui: Deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice. Nunc & Achæmenia
Perfundi nardo juvat, & fide Cyllenea
Levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus.
Nobilis ut grandi cecinit centaurus alumno:
Invicte mortalis, dea nate puer Thetide,
Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
Findunt Scamandri flumina, lubricus & Simois.
Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcæ
Rupere: nec mater domum Cærula te revehet.
Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato,
Deformis ægrimoniæ dulcibus alloquiis.

The

The foe, by Sea, and land, now, vanquiſh'd feares,
And a black Caſſock for a purple weares;
Not knowing whither adverſe winds will caſt
Him, on rich Creet with hundred Cities grac'd,
Or on the quick-ſands with South-billow toſs'd,
Or the wide Maine in danger to be loſt.
(Boy) Cups bring hither for a larger draught;
Let Chian, or the Lesbian grape be ſought:
Or fill Cæcubian wines without delay,
Which may a queazie loathing drive away.
The care, and feare of *Cæſars* happie ſtate,
Let us with merrie *Bacchus* diſſipate.

EPOD XIII.

To his merry friends, that they ſhould paſſe the Winter pleaſantly.

ROugh tempeſts have the brow of Heaven bent,
And ſhowers, & ſnows cauſe thickned air's deſcent:
Now Thracian North-winds, Seas, and woods affraie;
Friends, let us take occaſion from the Daie;
While ſtrength is freſh, and us it wel-becomes,
Let's Old Age baniſh, which the brow benums.
Boy, ſee you broach thoſe elder wines were preſs'd,
When *Torquat* firſt the Conſull-ſhip poſſeſs'd:
Speake not of other things. God will (perchance)
Them to their ſeat, with happy change advance.
Let us in Perſian unguents, now, delight;
And with Cylenian Harp put cares to flight:
As noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* ſang.
"Unvanquiſh'd Mortall, that from *Thetis* ſprang,
"Troy thee expects; which Simois rowling Tide,
"And ſmall Scamander's colder ſtreames divide,
"Whence thou no more (the ſiſters ſo ordaine)
"With thy blew Mother ſhalt returne againe.
"All ſorrow there, with wine, and Song depreſſe,
"(Sweet Comforts of deformed heavineſſe.)

EPOD

Epod XVI.

Ad Populum Romanum.

Commiseratio est Rei pub. propter civilia bella.

Altera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas :
Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit.
Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marsi,
Minacis aut Etrusca Porsenæ manus,
Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,
Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox,
Nec fera cærulea domuit Germania pube,
Parentibúsque abominatus Hannibal :
Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas :
Ferisque rursus occupabitur solum.
Barbarus heu cineres insistet victor, & urbem
Eques sonante verberabit ungula :
Quæque carent ventis & solibus, ossa Quirini,
(Nefas videre) dissipabit insolens.
Forte, quid expediat, communiter, aut melior pars,
Malis carere quæritis laboribus.
Nulla sit hâc potior sententia : Phocæorum
Velut profugit execrata civitas :
Agros atque lares proprios, habitandáque fana
Apris relinquit & rapacibus lupis :
Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
Sic placet ? an melius quis habet suadere ? secunda
Ratem occupare quid moramur alite ?
Sed juremus in hæc : simul imis saxa renârint
Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas :

Epos

EPOD XVI.

To the people of Rome.

The compassion of the Common-wealth upon the occasion of civill warres.

ANother Age is spent in Civill bralls,
And Rome it selfe by her own forces falls:
What neither bordr'ing Marsians could annoy,
Nor bold *Porsenna's* Tuscian armes destroy,
The emulous Capua, fierce Spartacus,
Nor Savoie, faithlesse to seditious,
The horrid Almaigne with his blew-ey'd band,
Nor *Hannibal* by angrie parents damn'd:
We wicked off-spring of a bloudy race,
Shall make for Beasts, againe, a dwelling place.
The victor rude shall tread upon our Tombe,
And horse with trampling foot corvet o're Rome:
The bones of *Romulus*, from Sun, or blast
Preserv'd (Aye me) he, proud, abroad shall cast.
Perhaps you all, or the most part's employ'd,
Seeking how best you may these broyles avoyd.
Be none by other resolution led,
But as *Phocæans* from curs'd Citie fled;
Left fields, their houshold Gods, and holy Cell,
That Bores, & ravenous wolves therin might dwell.
Let's goe, where feet, the South, or boyst'rous North,
Shall This, or any waie invite us forth.
D'yee like this Counsell, or give better? why
Forthwith embarque we not auspiciously.
But first let's sweare, when stones shall swim above
From deepe Seas rais'd, w'eell back to Rome remove,

Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
Padus Matina laverit cacumina:
In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus:
Nováque monstra junxerit libidine
Mirus amor: juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
Adulteretur & columba milvio:
Credula nec flavos timeant armenta leones:
Amétque salsa levis hircus æquora.
Hæc, & quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
Eamus omnis execrata civitas:
Aut pars indócili melior grege. Mollis & exspes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.
Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,
Etrusca præter & volate littora.
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus: arva, beata
Petamus arva, divites & insulas:
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
Et imputata floret usque vinea:
Germinat & nunquam fallentis termes olivæ
Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem:
Mella cava manant ex ilice: montibus altis
Levis crepante lympha desilit pede.
Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ:
Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera:
Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
Nec intumescit alta viperis humus:
Pluráque fœlices mirabimur: ut neque largis
Aquosus Eurus arva radat imbribus,
Pinguia nec siccis uranrur semina glebis:
Utrúmque rege temperante cœlitum.
Non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus,
Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem:
Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,
Laboriosa nec cohors Ulyssei.
Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri
Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia.

And with a home-ward wind our turn'd ſailes fill,
When Po ſhall waſh the tops of Matine hill;
Or the Sea, ſwallow loftie Appenine,
And ſtrange effects of love new Monſters joyne;
That Tygres may from Hindes ſeeke luſt's delight,
And the meeke Dove be trodden by the Kight.
When flocks the Lion's friendſhip entertaine,
And wanton Goate affects the brackiſh maine;
This, and what e're may hinder our returne,
Be it by all inviolably ſworne,
At leaſt the wiſer, whilſt the faint, and dull,
May on diſaſtrous pillowes ſleep their full.
(You nobler Spirits) hence with womens Teares,
Saile from Etruſcan confines, free from feares.
The Earth-encircling-Ocean us invites,
Rich Ilands, Fields, Fields bleſs'd with all delights:
Where lands untill'd are yearely fruitfull ſeene,
And the unpruned Vine perpetuall greene:
Still, Olives by the faithfull Branch are borne,
And mellow Figs their native Tree adorne;
Honey from Holme diſtils, the gentle Fountaines,
Deſcend with purling noiſe from lofty Mountaines.
There, milchy Goates come freely to the Paile,
Nor doe glad flocks with dugs diſtended faile:
The nightly Beare rores not about the fold,
Nor hollow Earth doth pois'nous Vipers hold.
Add to this happineſſe; the humid Eaſt,
Doth not with frequent ſhow'rs the fields infeſt:
Nor the fat ſeeds are parch'd in barren land,
The heav'nly pow'rs, both, temp'ring with command
No Barke came hither with Argoan oare,
Nor landed wanton *Colchis* on this ſhore:
Cadmus with filled ſailes turn'd not this way,
Nor painfull troupe that with *Vlyſſes* ſtray.
Heere amongſt Cattell no Contagions are,
Nor feele Flocks drowthy pow'r of any ſtarre,

Jupite

Iupiter illa piæ ſecrevit littora genti,
Vt inquinavit ære tempus aureum:
Ære, dehinc ferro duravit ſæcula: quorum
Piis ſecunda vate me datur fuga.

Carmen ſæculare pro Imperii Romani incolumitate.

PHœbe, ſylvarúmque potens Diana,
Lucidum cœli decus, ô colendi
Semper, & culti, date quæ precamur
Tempore ſacro:

Quo Sibyllini monuere verſus,
Virgines lectas, puerósque caſtos,
Diis, quibus ſeptem placuere colles,
Dicere carmen.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis & celas, aliúſque & idem
Naſceris: poſſis nihil urbe Roma
Viſere majus.

Ritè maturos aperire partus
Lenis Ilythia, tuere matres:
Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
Seu genitalis.

Diva, producas ſobolem: patrúmque
Proſperes decreta ſuper jugandis
Fœminis, proliſque novæ feraci
Lege marita:

Certus ut denos decies per annos
Orbis & cantus referatque ludos,
Ter die claro, totieſque grata
Nocte frequentes.

When

When braſſe did on the golden Age intrude,
Jove for the pious did this place ſeclude:
Laſtly from Braſſe, the Age was Iron made,
To'th good of which, I timely flight perſwade.

Verſes ſung in the Secular *games everie Centurie of yeares, pronounced for the ſafetie of the Roman Empire.*

PHœbus, and *Dian*, Grovie Queene,
Heav'ns ornaments; as you have beene,
Still be you honour'd, ever bleſt:
Grant what we aske on holy Feaſt.

In which *Sybilla's* verſes teach,
Chaſte maids, and youths not ſtain'd with breach,
Unto thoſe Gods ſongs to recite,
Who on the ſeav'n-fold hils delight.

(Faire *Sol*,) who in thy chariot bright,
Doſt call forth *Day*, and ſhut'ſt up *Night*;
And other, and the ſame doſt come,
Nought greater maiſt thou ſee than Rome.

(*Illithia*) open wombes (we crave)
For ripened Births, and Mothers ſave;
Whether wee thee *Lucina* call,
Or *Cynthia*, which produceth all.

(Goddeſſe) bring children forth, and bleſſe
Senat's decrees, give good ſucceſſe
To nuptiall lawes, that thoſe who wed,
May have a fruitfull marriage-bed.

That ten-times-ten full Orbes mature,
May us to ſongs, and ſports enure:
Thrice in the ſplendor of day light,
And thrice in ſhades of welcome Night.

Vósque veraces cecinisse Parcæ,
Quod semel dictum est, stabilisq; rerum
Terminus servet, bona jam peractis
Iungite fata.

Fertilis frugum pecorísque tellus,
Spicea donet Cererem corona:
Nutriant fœtus & aquæ salubres,
Et Iovis auræ.

Condito mitis placidúsque telo
Supplices audi pueros Apollo:
Syderum regina bicornis audi
Luna puellas:

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliæque
Iittus Etruscum tenuere turmæ,
Iussa pars mutare lares & urbem
Sospite cursu:

Cui per ardentem sine fraude Trojam,
Castus Æneas patriæ superstes
Liberum munivit iter, daturus
Plura relictis:

Dii probos mores docili juventæ,
Dii senectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date, rémque prolémque
Et decus omne.

Quique vos bobus veneratur albis
Clarus Anchisæ Venerísque sanguis,
Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenisse hostem.

Iam mari terrâque manus potentes
Medus Albanasque timet secures:
Iam Scythæ responsa petunt, superbi
Nuper, & Indi:

And

And you truth-telling Fates, to paſt
Joyne future fortunes, that my laſt:
That ſtable limits may encloſe,
What once to mortals you propoſe:

That Cattell may, and Corne aboun'd,
Wherwith faire *Ceres* ſhall be crown'd:
And wholeſome ſtreames, with aire as pure,
May nutriment to plants aſſure.

Ah *Phœbus* mild, withdraw thy darr,
To ſuppliant youths thy grace impart:
And Queene of ſtars, who doſt appeare
By-forked (*Luna*) Virgins heare.

If Rome a worke be of your ſtore,
And Trojan troupes held Tybers ſhore:
A part enjoin'd their ſeat to change,
And with ſucceſſe from home to range:

For whom ſecure, th'row Troy on fire
Æneas chaſte in ſafe retire,
Free paſſage op'ned, and gave more
To them, than they poſſeſs'd before.

O Gods to youth grant manners ſage,
Gods give repoſe to quiet Age;
And unto *Romulus* his blood,
Wealth, Iſſue, Honour, all that's good.

Let *Venus*, and *Anchiſes* ſtraine,
Who give yee Oxen free from ſtaine,
In warres atchievements beare the prize,
And courteous be to Enemies.

The Median now by Sea, and land,
Feares Romane pow'r, and conqu'ring hand:
The Scithians now our friend-ſhip crave,
And haughtie Indians truce would have.

Iam

Iam fides, & pax, & honor, pudórque
Priſcus, & neglecta redire virtus
Audet: apparétque beata pleno
Copia cornu.

Augur & fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptúſque novem Camœnis,
Qui ſalutari levat arte feſſos
Corporis artus:

Si Palatinas videt æquus arces,
Rémque Romanam, Latiúmque fœlix,
Alterum in luſtrum meliúſque ſemper
Proroget ævum.

Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidúmque
Quindecim Diana preces virorum
Curet, & votis puerorum amicas
Applicet aures.

Hæc Iovem ſentire deóſque cunctos,
Spem bonam certámque domum reporto,
Doctus & Phœbi chorus & Dianæ
Dicere laudes.

FINIS.

Now Faith, Peace, Honour, modeſt looke,
And vertue ſcorned, which forſooke
Our Citie, dares returne againe,
And bleſſed Plentie freely raign.

(*Phœbus*) with radiant bow, divine,
Gracious among the Muſes nine;
Who doth with heav'n-inſpired Art,
To crazie bodies health impart;

If he mount Palatine doe grace,
The weale of Rome, and Latian race,
To farther times, and better end,
May he theſe Centuries extend.

And *Dian* who holds Aventine,
And *Algidus*, may ſhe encline
To praiers of fifteene Men, and heare
Our childrens vowes with friendly eare.

Then I, and all well skill'd in laies,
Phœbus, and *Dian's* name to praiſe,
Goe home, with certaine hope, that *Iove*,
And all the Gods theſe things approve.

FINIS.

Imprimatur.

Tho. WYKES *R.P.D.Epi*
Lond. Capell. domeſt.

Mar. 2. 1637.